ANTHROCON 2006

P
SCOTT SHAW! '06

RABBIT
VALLEY
COMIC SHOP

http://www.rabbitvalley.com

Rabbit Valley® Comics is proud to support Anthrocon 2006

Come visit the Rabbit Valley Tables at the convention for the finest in furry. We'll be located towards the back of the dealer's room. We've got comics, fanzines, toys, and more right here at the convention for your perusal!

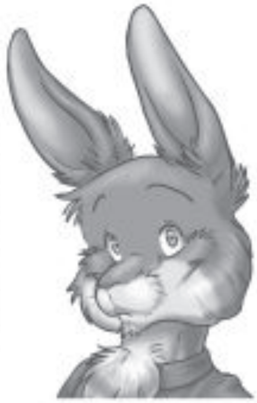
Visit us on the web for additional titles and artwork prints. Rabbit Valley is the exclusive online dealer for the artwork of Jeremy Bernal, Quel, FoxxFire, Kaput, Chris McKinley, and many more.

VISA, MasterCard, American Express, and Discover cards gladly accepted both on the web and at the convention.

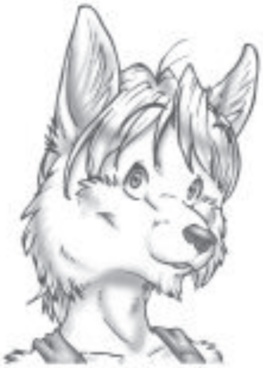
http://www.rabbitvalley.com
THE SOURCE FOR FURRY

"Rabbit Valley" and "Another RABCO Disaster" are Registered Trademarks and are used under license of the trademark owners.

Rabbit Valley Staff Bios

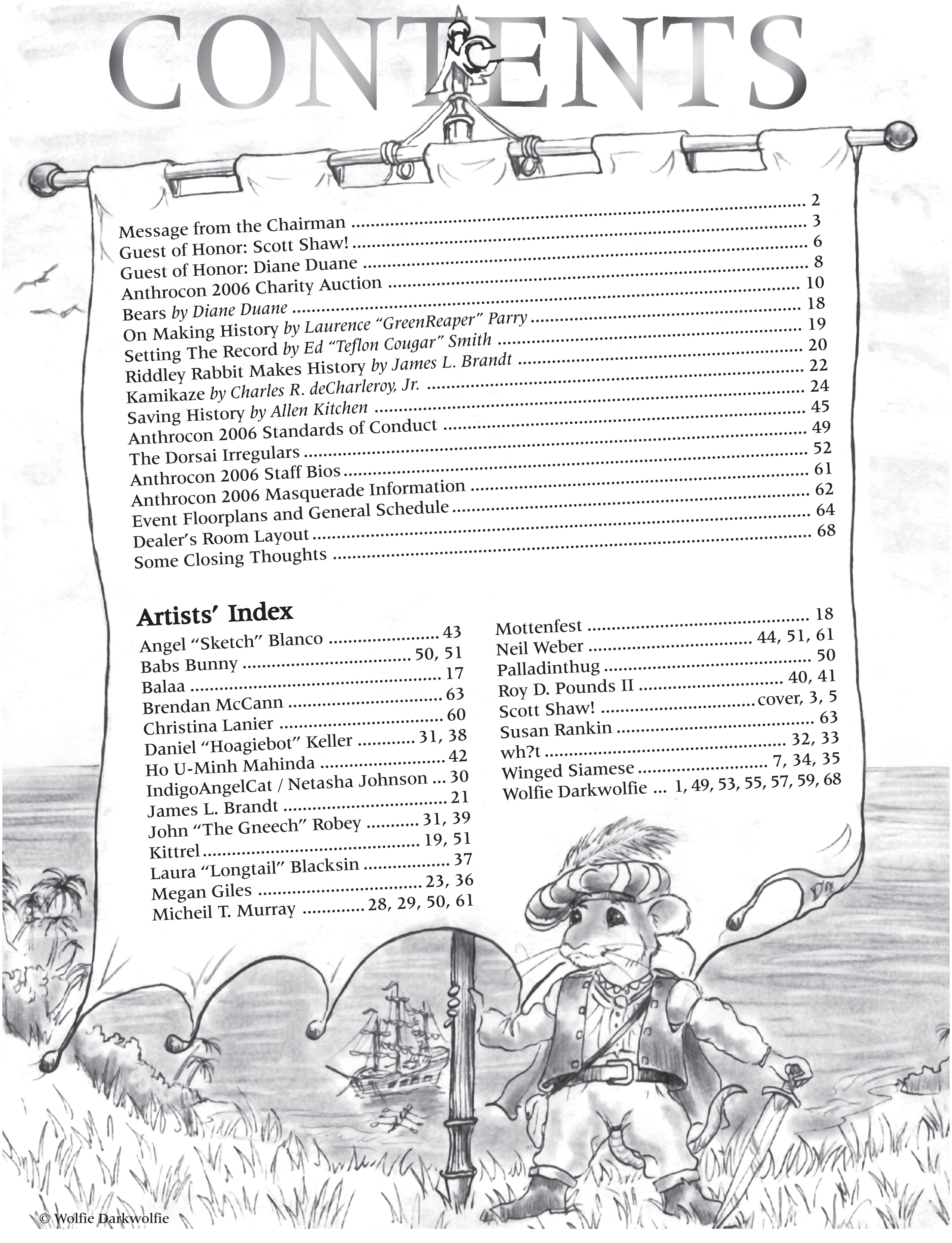


Sean Rabbitt is the co-owner of Rabbit Valley Comics, the longest operating (since 1987) all-furry comic book store. Contrary to popular belief, "Rabbitt" is, and always has been, Sean's real last name. Back in college in 1998, Sean started "Another RABCO Disaster"®, a small distribution service for Lance Rund and Chris McKinley's "Associated Student Bodies" comic. Soon after, he purchased Mailbox Books from the retiring owners. Today, Rabbit Valley has grown leaps and bounds, selling over 9000 different titles and items. Their latest venture is publishing including the titles "Circles," "Associated Student Bodies," "Rocketship Rodents," and "Spooo Presents." Sean is married to his husband and co-owner of Rabbit Valley, Andrew Rabbitt. His mother isn't so much shocked to have married another man as much as that Andy took the last name "Rabbitt."



Andrew Rabbitt is the other co-owner of Rabbit Valley Comics. He took the name Rabbitt when he was wed to Sean in July of 2004 as a sign of his undying love – not as some weird furry dream-come-true. Andrew (who prefers to be called Andy by his friends) has been involved in the furry fandom for many years, and has been assisting Sean with Rabbit Valley for the greater part of the past five years. If you have placed an order through the Rabbit Valley website chances are he picked, packed, and shipped it to you. Outside of the fandom Andy enjoys cooking, surfing the web, and doing the various projects that come with home ownership. Seeing as Andrew and Sean purchased a house needing some *tender love and care* there is no shortage of projects.

CONTENTS


© Wolfie Darkwolfie

Message from the Chairman 2
Guest of Honor: Scott Shaw! 3
Guest of Honor: Diane Duane 6
Anthrocon 2006 Charity Auction 8
Bears *by Diane Duane* 10
On Making History *by Laurence "GreenReaper" Parry* 18
Setting The Record *by Ed "Teflon Cougar" Smith* 19
Riddley Rabbit Makes History *by James L. Brandt* 20
Kamikaze *by Charles R. deCharleroy, Jr.* 22
Saving History *by Allen Kitchen* 24
Anthrocon 2006 Standards of Conduct 45
The Dorsai Irregulars 49
Anthrocon 2006 Staff Bios 52
Anthrocon 2006 Masquerade Information 61
Event Floorplans and General Schedule 62
Dealer's Room Layout 64
Some Closing Thoughts 68

Artists' Index

Angel "Sketch" Blanco 43
Babs Bunny 50, 51
Balaa 17
Brendan McCann 63
Christina Lanier 60
Daniel "Hoagiebot" Keller 31, 38
Ho U-Minh Mahinda 42
IndigoAngelCat / Netasha Johnson ... 30
James L. Brandt 21
John "The Gneech" Robey 31, 39
Kittrel 19, 51
Laura "Longtail" Blacksin 37
Megan Giles 23, 36
Micheil T. Murray 28, 29, 50, 61
Mottenfest 18
Neil Weber 44, 51, 61
Palladinthug 50
Roy D. Pounds II 40, 41
Scott Shaw! .... cover, 3, 5
Susan Rankin 63
wh?t 32, 33
Winged Siamese 7, 34, 35
Wolfie Darkwolfie ... 1, 49, 53, 55, 57, 59, 68

Message from the Chairman

Dr. Samuel Conway, Ph.D

Welcome, friends, to the new home of the World's Largest Anthropomorphics Convention!

This year marks an important milestone in Anthrocon's history. Since our humble beginnings as Albany Anthrocon in 1997 with fewer than two hundred attendees, our convention has grown steadily to well over two thousand. Thus, for 2006, we make the historic leap from a hotel-bound to a convention-center based gathering, as well as a move to what we hope will be a permanent home in the Steel City. As I told the Board of Directors, "We now have more space to grow than we will ever need!" We are working hard to make the transition as smooth as possible, and we hope that our attendees will be patient as we iron out the inevitable first-year wrinkles.

This year we are very excited to welcome three people who are truly legendary in their fields, which is appropriate for our theme of "Making History:"

MR. SCOTT SHAW!: Scott Shaw! (don't forget the "!") has had a hand in comic books, animation, and advertising. His credits include such well-known names as the *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles*, *The Pink Panther*, *Road Rovers*, the *Muppets*, and more. He is perhaps best known, however, as the chronicler of what can only be called "Oddball." We think that he will fit in just fine!

MRS. DIANE DUANE: One of the legendary science fiction writers of our time, Diane Duane is the author of more than twenty novels, including the endearing *Cat Wizards* companion to the *Young Wizards* series. Her name has been on the New York Times Best Seller List no fewer than four times. She is no stranger to Furry Fandom, and we are thrilled that she will be joining us this year.

MR. TOM SMITH: Can there truly be such a thing as a professional filk artist? Tom Smith proves that it can be done, and done with style! If you're one of those who thinks that "If you've heard one filk, you've heard them all," you haven't heard this man in concert!

Remember, Anthrocon is not the work of just one person. Its success is due to the dedication of its Board of Directors and the more than 100 staff members who selflessly give their time to make us what we are. I stand in awe of the unbelievable amount of effort that these people put forth. As one man I cannot thank them enough, so I rely on all of you to let our wonderful staff know just how much their efforts are appreciated.

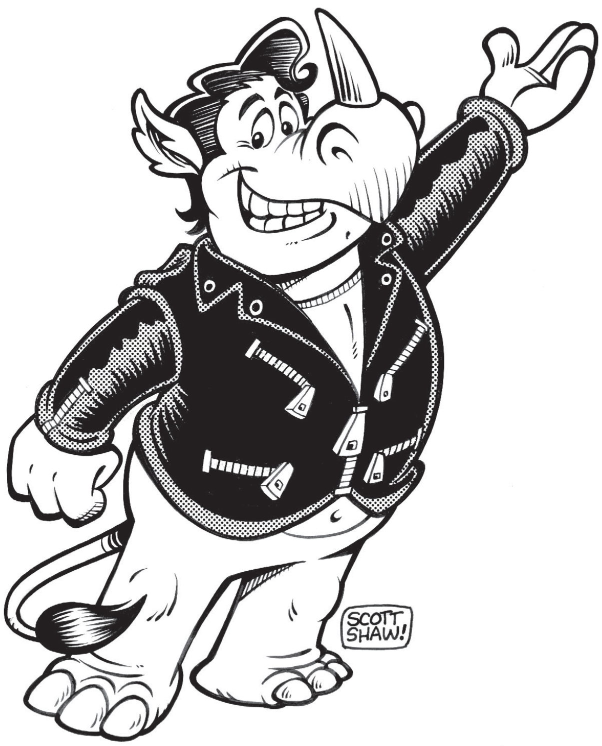
Let us also not forget the staff of the DLCC, the Westin Hotel, and the Pittsburgh Convention and Visitors Bureau, all of whom have put in a lot of overtime to smooth the way for our arrival.

Now, without any further prattle, let me welcome you once again to the Steel City, to the 10th annual Anthrocon Convention, and to the largest gathering of Anthropomorphics fans that the world has ever known!

Guest of Honor: Scott Shaw!

SCOTT SHAW! (yes, that exclamation point is a part of his name) is living proof of gonzo journalist Hunter S. Thompson's statement: "When the going gets weird, the weird turn pro." An experienced professional cartoonist/writer in the fields of comic books, animation and advertising, Scott has also worked as a comic book retailer, and remains a reader, collector and fan of cartooning in all its forms.

Scott's first published comic story appeared in the underground comic book GORY STORIES QUARTERLY. After writing and drawing a number of stories for other underground and "ground level" comics, including FEAR AND LAUGHTER (Kitchen Sink); QUACK! (Star*Reach); and WILD ANIMALS (Pacific), he went on to work on such titles as HANNA-BARBERA'S THE FLINTSTONES (Marvel and Harvey); HANNA-BARBERA'S YOGI BEAR (Marvel and Harvey); HANNA-BARBERA'S LAFF-A-LYMPICS (Marvel); WHAT IF? (Marvel); and DESTROYER DUCK (Eclipse). With Roy Thomas, he co-created the funny animal superhero series, CAPTAIN CARROT AND HIS AMAZING ZOO CREW! (DC). Scott went on to work as a writer, penciler or inker (and sometimes, all three) on a diverse assortment of comic books, including SONIC THE HEDGEHOG (Archie), MIGHTY MUTANIMALS (Archie); TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES MEET THE CONSERVATION CORPS (Archie); WHO'S WHO IN THE DC UNIVERSE (DC); USAGI YOJIMBO (Fantagraphics); DUCKMAN (Topps); DONALD DUCK ADVENTURES (Disney); BETTY AND VERONICA (Archie); LITTLE ARCHIE (Archie); RADIOACTIVE MAN 80-PAGE COLOSSAL (Bongo); TEX AVERY'S COMICS AND STORIES (Dark Horse); DROOPY (Dark Horse); SCREWBALL SQUIRREL (Dark Horse); BURGER KING KIDS CLUB COMICS (Burger King); THE BIG BOOK OF URBAN LEGENDS (Paradox); THE BIG BOOK OF LOSERS (Paradox); and BART SIMPSON'S TREEHOUSE OF HORROR (Bongo). Recent comic book projects include SUPERMAN & BATMAN: WORLD'S FUNNEST (DC) and the autobiographical anthology STREETWISE (Two Morrows). Scott is currently, writing and drawing stories for SIMPSONS COMICS (Bongo), BART SIMPSON COMICS, RADIOACTIVE MAN, and BART SIMPSON'S TREEHOUSE OF HORROR (Bongo) and SPARK GENERATORS (Slave Labor). In a related field, he's worked on the syndicated comic strip incarnations of BUGS BUNNY and WOODSY OWL.



© Rhino Records

Scott has also contributed articles to the magazines THE JACK KIRBY COLLECTOR, COMIC BOOK MARKETPLACE, THE COMIC BUYERS' GUIDE and THE OVERSTREET COMIC BOOK PRICE GUIDE. He also created, assembled and wrote the copy for a thirty-two card set of ODDBALL COMICS TRADING CARDS (Kitchen Sink Press) (1994) and an ODDBALL COMICS CALENDAR (Avalanche Press) (1995). His hilarious Oddball Comics on-line feature, spotlighting "the craziest comic books ever published," can be viewed every weekday only at the award-winning website Comic Book Resources (http://www.comicbookresources.com/columns/oddball/) and is the basis for an upcoming book.

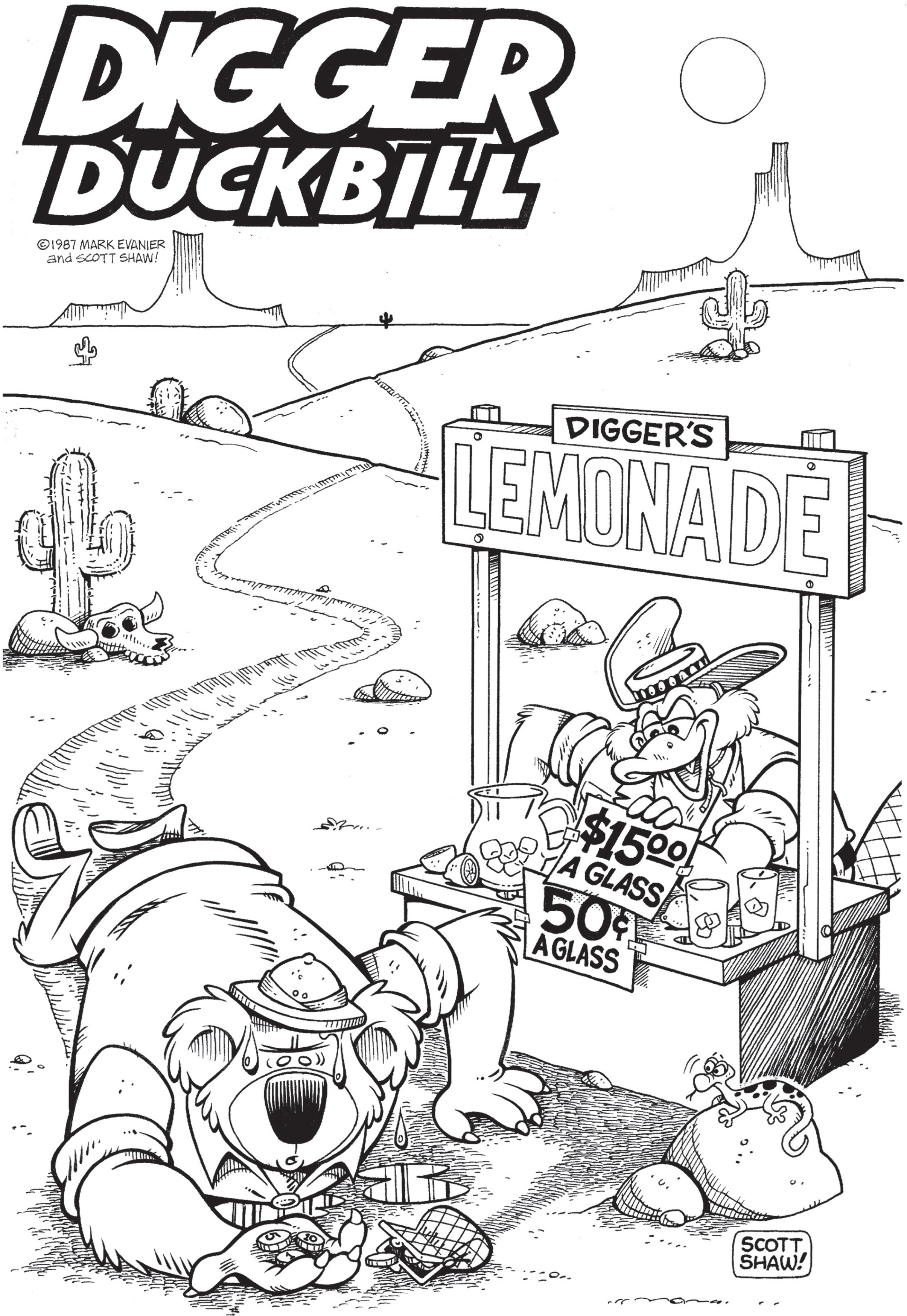
In addition to comic books, Scott has made his mark on animated cartoons. His recent projects include doing gags and storyboards for WHAT'S NEW, SCOOBY-DOO? and doing character designs for DUCK DODGERS (both at Warner Bros. TV Animation) and writing and storyboarding gags and sequences for The Walt Disney Company's direct-to-video production, MICKEY'S TWICE UPON A CHRISTMAS, WINNIE THE POOH'S GRANDEST EASTER EVER and TEAMO SUPREMO. Before that, he performed similar duties on the forthcoming DTV MULAN II. He was the producer/director of John Candy's CAMP CANDY (DIC; NBC and syndicated) and the co-producer/art director of Martin Short's THE COMPLETELY MENTAL MISADVENTURES OF ED GRIMLEY (Hanna-Barbera Productions; NBC). Continuing the SCTV connection, he's recently worked with Dave Thomas and Rick Moranis on a new "McKenzie Brothers" cartoon for the Internet. Scott also worked for eight seasons as a writer, storyboard director and character designer on Jim Henson's MUPPET BABIES (Marvel Productions; CBS) and was a storyboard director and designer on GARFIELD AND FRIENDS (Film Roman; CBS). He also has done work on MOTHER GOOSE AND GRIMM (AKA GRIMMY) (Film Roman; CBS); HEY ARNOLD! (Nickelodeon); TEAMO SUPREMO (Disney), CHANNEL UMPTEE-3 (Sony; KidsWB); DEXTER'S LABORATORY (Hanna-Barbera; Cartoon Network); WOODY WOODPECKER (Duck Soup/Universal; FoxKIDS); SECRET FILES OF THE SPY DOGS (Saban; FoxKIDS); FAMILY GUY (Film Roman; FoxKIDS); THE FANTASTIC FOUR (New World Animation; syndicated); CRO (Film Roman; ABC); SANTO BUGITO (Klasky-Csupo; CBS); THE TANGERINE BEAR (Hyperion; direct-to-video); and MIGHTY MOUSE (Stan Lee Media) among many others. Scott has worked on many other cartoon favorites, including the Jetsons; Huckleberry Hound; Alvin and the Chipmunks; Droopy; Inspector Gadget; Yogi Bear; Popeye; the Smurfs; the Pink Panther; Scooby-Doo; Kwickie Koala; the Snorks; Monster Tails; The Bungle Brothers; Casper the Friendly Ghost; and many, many others.

As Senior Art Director for the Los Angeles office of the Ogilvy & Mather advertising agency (1992 - 2000), Scott co-created, designed, storyboarded, laid out, and art directed all the animated commercials for Post Cereals, including Fruity Pebbles, Cocoa Pebbles and Cinna-Crunch Pebbles (all featuring his favorite cartoon characters, The Flintstones), Post Alpha-Bits and Post Marshmallow Alpha-Bits. He also designed many of the cereals' in-pack premium giveaways. Other commercial clients have included McDonalds, Burger King, Denny's, Purina, Hardees', Carl's Jr., The Walt Disney Company, Kellogg's, Pepsi, The Department of Defense, Keebler, Rhino Records, Days Inn, Draft General Foods, Jim Henson Productions, Buena Vista Home Video, Bedrock Press, Discovery Zone, Folger's Coffee, Power Dogz Pizza and many more.

Scott was one of the handful of local comic fans who gathered together to organize the first San Diego Comic-Con, the biggest convention of its type in the world, now known as Comic-Con International, currently in its 31st year. A regular guest there, Scott has become known for performing his popular Oddball Comics slide show and MC'ing the convention's annual Inkpot Awards ceremony.

Scott has received four Emmy Award certificates (for Story Direction on Jim Henson's Muppet Babies); an Eisner Award for his work on BART SIMPSON'S TREEHOUSE OF HORRORS #5 (for Best Humor Publication), an Eisner Award for his work on SIMPSONS COMICS (1999) (for Best Publication For Younger Readers); The San Diego Comic-Con's Inkpot Award (for Outstanding Achievements in Comic Books and Animation); The Humanitas Award (for Camp Candy); The Shazam Award (for Best Comic Book Humor Art) and, recently, a Squiddy Award for SUPERMAN & BATMAN: WORLD'S FUNNEST. He was nominated for the Eisner Award for his set of ODDBALL COMICS TRADING CARDS (Best Comics-Related Product); the Reuben Award (Television Animation Division); and the Annie Award (for Outstanding Art Direction). Scott is a member of the National Cartoonists Society, the Comic Art Professional Society and the Motion Picture Screen Cartoonists Local 839, IATSE.

Born in New York City and raised in San Diego, Scott currently lives in Sherman Oaks, California with his wife Judith and son Kirby, along with their three cats. When he's not writing, drawing or spending time with his family and friends, Scott collects comic books, original comic and animation art, vintage toys, action figures, videos of obscure 1950s monster movies and Hawaiian shirts.


DIGGER DUCKBILL
©1987 MARK EVANIER and SCOTT SHAW!
DIGGER'S
LEMONADE
$15.00 A GLASS
50¢ A GLASS
SCOTT SHAW!

Guest of Honor: Diane Duane

Diane Duane was born in Manhattan in 1952, a Year of the Dragon. She was raised on Long Island, in the New York City suburbs. In high school she won a Regents Science and Nursing scholarship, and her first studies in college were toward a degree in astrophysics. A total inability to handle calculus and other higher maths drove her instead into the arms of the biological sciences, and she used the nursing half of her scholarship to attend Pilgrim State Hospital School of Nursing on Long Island, from which she graduated in 1974 as a registered nurse with a specialty in psychiatry. She spent the next two years practicing the art at Payne Whitney Clinic of New York Hospital, now part of Cornell/NYH Medical Center, one of the most respected psychiatric clinics in the eastern USA.

She had been writing for her own entertainment ever since she could read (having written and illustrated her first novel in crayon at the age of eight), and it was around this time that various friends who read Duane's work told her she should submit it professionally. She began to do so, after a year spent working as assistant to television and science fiction writer David Gerrold. Her first novel, THE DOOR INTO FIRE, was published by Dell Books in 1979. On the strength of this book, she was nominated two years running for the World Science Fiction Society's John W. Campbell Award for best new science fiction/fantasy writer in the industry.

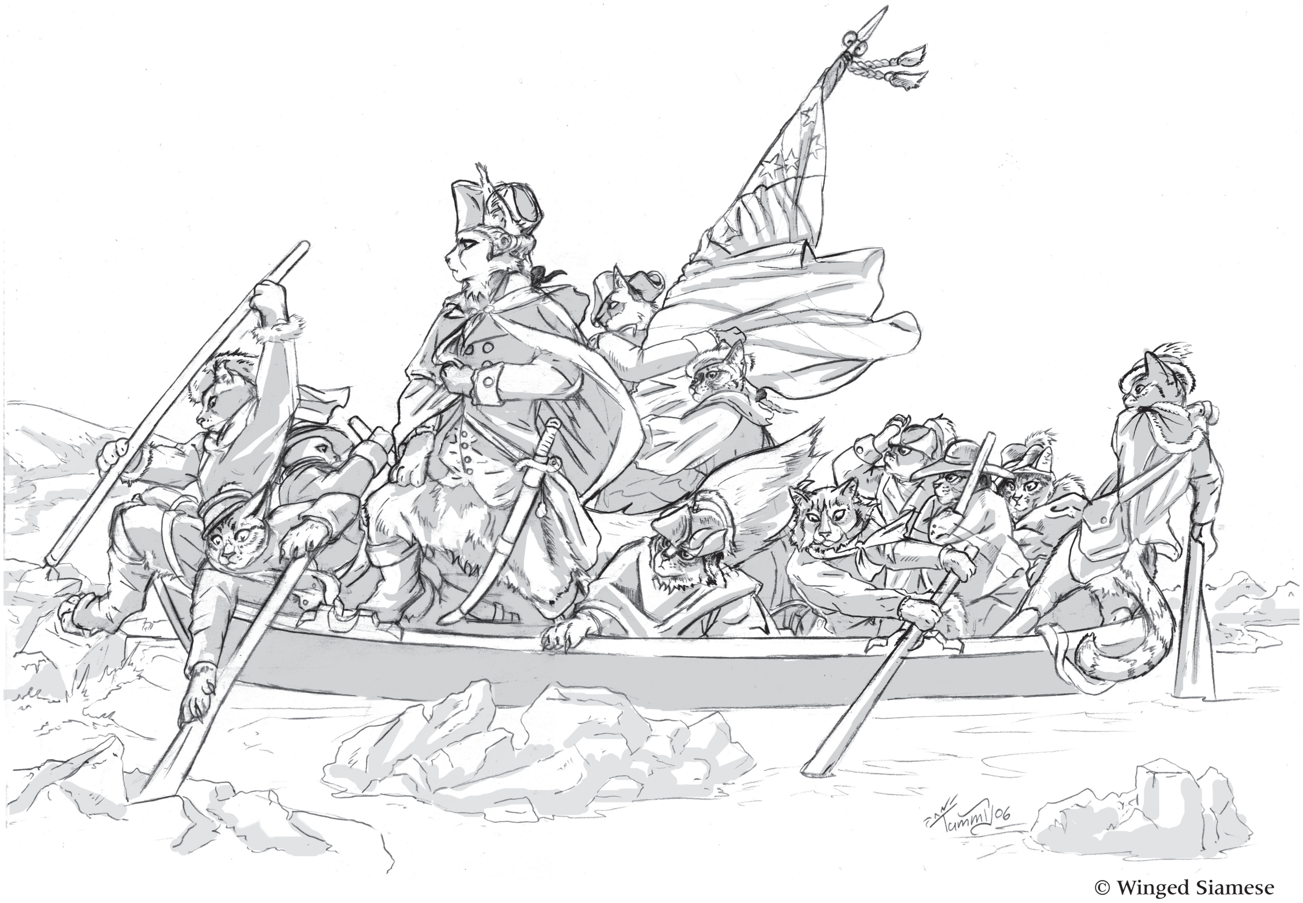
Since then Duane has published more than forty novels, numerous short stories, and various comics and computer games; she has appeared several times on the New York Times Bestseller List and garnered numerous awards from such organizations as the American Librarians' Association and the New York Public Library. She is presently best known for her continuing "Young Wizards" series of young adult fantasy novels about the New York-based teenage wizards Nita Callahan and Kit Rodriguez. The 1983 novel SO YOU WANT TO BE A WIZARD and its seven sequels have been published around the world over the past two decades, and are now routinely cited by librarians all over the US as "the first books to read when you run out of Harry Potter". It was these books for which Duane received her most recent award, when in 2003 the Charles A. and Anne Morrow Lindbergh Foundation awarded the entire "Young Wizards" series a special commendation in the prestigious Anne Spencer Lindbergh Prize in Children's Literature.

Duane's husband, UK-born fantasist and screenwriter Peter Morwood, is a frequent collaborator. So far they share credits for five novels (one written on their honeymoon), for various animated screenplays, and (most recently) for the live-action drama RING OF THE NIBELUNGS / DIE NIBELUNGEN, which premiered as both a movie and a miniseries in Europe in November of 2004, achieving the highest ratings of any German TV movie for that year and the highest ratings for its network (Sat1) of any dramatic production in its history. (SciFi Channel in the US aired the miniseries on March 27/28 of March 2006, retitled as DARK KINGDOM: THE DRAGON KING. Sony Pictures Home Entertainment released the DVD simultaneously.) Duane's solo screenwriting work includes extensive animated and live-action experience (some fifty scripts to date) and one of the first episodes of STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION, the Emmy-nominated "Where No One Has Gone Before." (Over the course of her career she has worked with Star Trek in more forms than any other person alive: television, books, audio, comics, and computer games.) She has also worked for the BBC, serving as senior writer on the BBC TV Education series SCIENCE CHALLENGE, and has done script and development work for various other national and independent television and screen production companies across Europe.

Works now in progress include the last novel in her Middle Kingdoms series (The Door into Starlight), the ninth "Young Wizards" novel (A Wizard of Mars), and the final book in the "Feline Wizardry" sequence, The Big Meow, presently being written online at The-Big-Meow.com.

Along with four cats and numerous seriously overworked computers, Duane and her husband live in a pastoral townland set in the foothills of the Wicklow Mountains, where their recently renovated two hundred-year-old cottage provides an odd but congenial environment for the staging of epic battles between good and evil and the leisurely pursuit of total galactic domination. Diane enjoys travel, which is fortunately made simpler by occasional signing tours, and by the various science fiction conventions, on both sides of the Atlantic, which invite her and her husband to appear as guests. She and Peter travel in Europe as much as possible, being especially fond of train travel, and of Switzerland. In her spare time, Diane collects recipes and cookbooks, especially those dealing with little-known ethnic cuisines; her own cooking tends toward hearty peasant food, with an emphasis on the cuisines of central Europe and the Mediterranean. Diane gardens (weeding, mostly), studies German and Italian, listens to shortwave and satellite radio, and dabbles in astronomy, computer graphics, iaido, image processing, amateur cartography (one of her early efforts, a USGS-type map of Roger Zelazny's fictional city, Amber, hung in the office of the deputy director of the US Geological Survey in Washington), desktop publishing, and fractals.

She is trying to learn how to make more spare time.



© Winged Siamese

Anthrocon 2006 Charity Auction

The genre of anthropomorphics is an entertaining field that deals heavily in the thematic appreciation of animals crossed with humans of varying degrees to design fantastic, intelligent characters and marvelous new imaginary species. However, we should never overlook our real-life counterparts of this mix and assist our animal friends in any way we can to ensure a better future for all of us.

This year, Anthrocon has chosen to support The Western Pennsylvania National Wild Animal Orphanage, an all-volunteer big cat rescue and shelter. The following explains the Orphanage's operations:

Our Beginnings

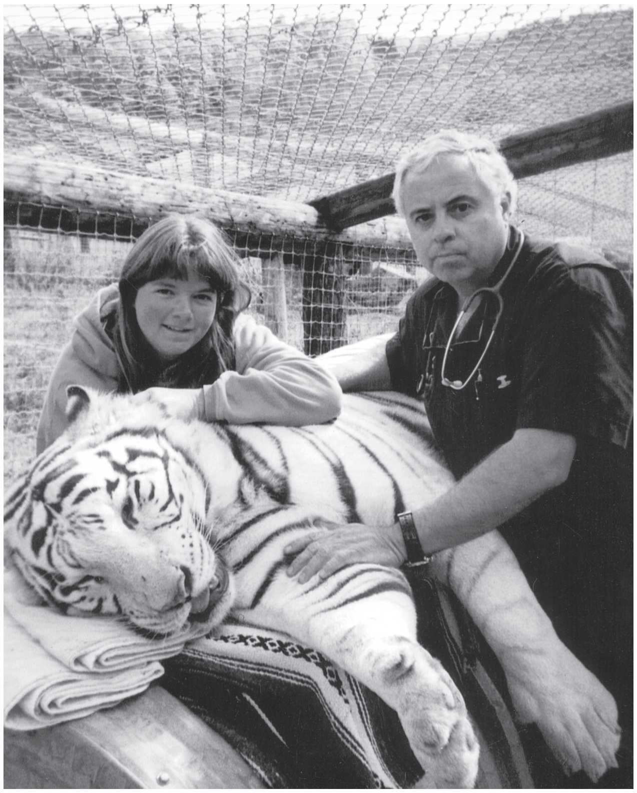
The Western Pennsylvania National Wild Animal Orphanage was started in 1986 by the Sheperds. The Sheperds conceived the idea for a wild animal orphanage when they were asked to house and care for a cougar. The cougar, Tabitha, who was brought in by the Pennsylvania Game Commission never left, and the Wild Animal Orphanage was born.

Each year the PA Game Commission and other law enforcement agencies rescue a number of exotic felines from inadequate or abusive homes and businesses. Unfortunately, these agencies are not able to care for these animals and there aren't many places willing to take in a wayward lion. Zoos aren't always interested, and neither is the gang from the old pride. Once an animal has been tainted by human contact an orphanage is usually its last hope, but these safe havens are few and far between.

Each animal has its own stall with an automatic water faucet and an adjoining outdoor enclosure that is surrounded by a twelve foot high Cyclone fence with electrified wire tops. All of this is surrounded by a perimeter fence which serves as an added safety measure (big cats are known to jump far and high).

Our Facilities

In addition to building cages and providing a home for the orphaned cats, the orphanage has and will provide them with necessary medical care, proper food, vitamins, and lots of TLC. Volunteers devote ten to twelve hours each day at the Orphanage. The animals are fed daily with a diet of quality beef, hamburger, chicken, canned Friskies and Iams cat food, as well as nutritional supplements and vitamins. The cats also enjoy a tasty treat of venison donated by generous local hunters.



Karen L. Osler and Dr. William Sheperd with a white Bengal tiger at a confiscation in Akron, OH—one of the largest confiscations in USDA history.

The Orphanage has grown much larger than our ability to fund it. Although the Orphanage does receive some donations, it's not enough to maintain the annual $75,000 cost to feed and shelter the animals. Still, the orphanage wants to do more. 100% of every dollar donated goes toward animal care.

Our Hope for the Future

At the moment, the orphanage sees a critical need to add more pens, fencing, and pools. Ultimately, they would like to build an educational center for schools and visitors to use. They envision a day when volunteers will be able to go to schools and teach children that these animals are not to be considered house pets and that their habitat must be preserved. Big cats must be respected AND protected in the wild.

The Wild Animal Orphanage is classified as a non-profit organization, with 501(c)3 status. The Orphanage needs your help with supporting funds to expand our facilities, to build more pens, and to continue to feed and rescue these beautiful animals. Your contribution WILL make a difference. The Orphanage needs your help!

You can reach The Western Pennsylvania Wild Animal Orphanage's representatives by phone at (724) 437-7838, email at info@wildanimal.org, or visit their homepage at http://www.wildanimal.org/

The Western Pennsylvania Wild Animal Orphanage's representatives will be on hand during the Charity Auction to receive the bidder's payment—all money goes directly to them. The Orphanage's representatives will also be in the Dealer's Room where you can receive further information on their organization and speak with them outside the Charity Auction.

The Anthrocon Charity Auction will be supporting this beneficial charity by selling to the highest bidder items donated by artists, creators, and other generous donors who have provided us with artwork, merchandise, and other original material not available anywhere else at Anthrocon without requesting anything in return to help raise money for this year's chosen charity.

Last year, the Anthrocon Charity Auction raised over $6,400 for Greater Philadelphia Search & Rescue. The total was one of the largest raised from a Charity Auction at an anthropomorphic-themed convention. Since 1997, Anthrocon has raised over $57,000 for various charities, including Therapy Dogs, Whiskers, the Great Valley Nature Center, the National Greyhound Adoption Program, Reins of Life, Canine Partners for Life, Support Our Shelters, and Forgotten Felines & Fidos.

Before the Charity Auction, items that have already been donated will be on display at a designated location. The Charity Auction itself will begin on Saturday afternoon (please consult your program/schedule) and will run for about three hours. Bidder Information Sheets will be available for your perusal. If you would like to donate an item to the Charity Auction to be sold, see the Charity Auction Director, Brian Harris, before the event.

Please help us support our friends at The Western Pennsylvania Wild Animal Orphanage by joining us for the 2006 Anthrocon Charity Auction on Saturday afternoon.

Kira (above) is a very mischievous tiger. Her favorite game besides Cat and Mouse is Hide and Seek. She loves to play but can be extremely rough sometimes. Sampson (below) is a very handsome 700 lb. Bengal tiger. Sampson is greeting in this photo.

Bears

Diane Duane

Bern (or Berne, as you'll also see it spelled) is one of those places that grows on you. You pass through once, noticing all the things the guidebooks tell you about—the miles of sheltered fourteenth-century arcades (6.2), Einstein's house, the *Bundesrat* or National Parliament, the *Münster*, the sharp-peaked, red-tiled roofs stacked up in their long straight lines within the beautiful long loop of the river Aare. Then later you come back, and some one thing which you passed by as too touristy demands your attention: and on further visits, demands it again and again. Later you find yourself wondering which brings you back: the city as a whole, or that one thing? For my husband, it's a little shop in a back street which sells modern Provençal pottery, including ceramic fountains of surprising design. But for me...it's the Bear Pit.

The *Bärengraben*, to give it its proper name. When I first heard about it, the idea of such a thing in a city struck me as extremely medieval, possibly even barbaric: and that initial impression persisted until I saw the structure itself. The word "pit" used to translate *graben* into English brings with it a connotation of someplace dark, dank and unpleasant, a hole newly dug in the ground. I should have realized, that first time I came to Bern—it was 1985 — that the Swiss would not permit something so *declassé* in their capital city.

The bears are *Ursus arctos*, the European brown bear, though in color they're more golden; there seem to be five or six of them. The "pit" is a simple, stone-walled business about twenty feet deep, a large circle divided into two parts—a private one, living quarters for the bears; and a public one, open, and railed, so that people can look down and admire the inmates. Perhaps that's not quite the right word, either, with its connotation of "prisoners". These bears are probably the most spoiled ursines west of anywhere. All day, people throw them the officially permitted goodies—figs and carrots, mostly: no meat, no sugary stuff—and the bears stand up on their hind legs and make humorous kissy expressions at the people with their mouths, competing in a good-natured way for the treats. When not feeding their faces, they swim in a small pool, and wander in and out of a multiple-caved den made of huge slabs of stone, and bat around what appears to be a stone ball, and clamber up and down a tall dead pine tree sunk in concrete for them, and sharpen their claws on several other dead tree trunks.

The affection with which they're treated, by both the local Bernese and the people responsible for them, is something that sticks out in my memory. I have pictures, from that 1985 visit, of a mother bear and her three cubs. At one point, one of the keepers came out of an access door and picked one of the cubs up, and for a little while walked around with it in his arms, like someone waiting patiently for a baby to burp. The mother gazed benevolently at him all this while: the other cubs ambled after him, bleating for attention. The cub he was holding washed his ear.

When I came home, that was the memory that always came up first when someone mentioned Bern. Over the years that followed, I got back to Switzerland many times—the excuse being that I was doing research for a novel. The bears weren't in the novel, yet somehow I never missed coming back to see them when in the country. Certainly there are other pleasures to being in Bern—shopping in the arcaded streets, strolling under the shelter of the out-thrust second floor, watching through the wide supporting arches as, beyond them, the snow sifts gently down on the street-cobbles: or spending an idle afternoon sitting outside in golden Gerechtigkeitsgasse with a Gurten beer (with the inevitable bear on it), in the sunshine, watching the city go by and listening to the murmur of people speaking in the local German dialect, *Bernerdeutsch*... Yet on any visit, before I would abandon myself to such pleasures, I would always first wander off to the *Bärengraben*, to see how the bears were getting on. The cubs grew up into fine strapping creatures, and learned everything their mother taught them, especially about making faces at the tourists to best effect—the funniest bear gets the most food. And the Bernese love them as much as ever, and regard as a typically peculiar foreign notion the idea that it might be politically or ecologically incorrect to keep bears in the center of town. "They're safer here," is the remark I best remember on the subject; "we're protecting them from the government."

That was Ron's line, which surprised me somewhat until he explained. It was on the visit before last—a hurried one, to buy reference books—that I met Ron, downstairs in the Hotel Bären, where I was staying on account of the murals.

In a city which takes its mascot very seriously, and where bears seem to appear on everything, the Bären Bar stands out. Some artist of the early 20th century has painted bears doing human things, but so naturally that you have to look twice. In one mural, bears, most likely from the rolling hills and pastures of the nearby Emmental valleys, are out haying—bringing in the hay in carts, lying in the fields picnicking on bread and wine, playing with bouncing baby bears: an ursine pastoral. In another mural are more bears, dressed in their *fin-de-siècle* best, out for a promenade across the river, looking back toward the city: the cathedral-towers of the *Münster* stand up, the graceful greened-bronze *Bundesrat* dome is there, all on a fine sunny day: and bears with parasols and bears in tailcoats walk up and down arm in arm, admiring the day and the city they're so lucky to live in. The quality of the artwork is high: the detail is excellent. You can sit for a good while down in the Bären having a snack and drinking one of the good regional wines, getting lost in the artist's eye for small things.

Unless you start chatting with somebody, which always seems to happen to me. Ron and I were sitting, each alone, at adjoining tables: soon we were exchanging business horror stories, and from there it went, I don't know how, to ethnic jokes. *Swiss* ethnic jokes.

I was astonished to find that even in so small a country, one canton's people will still manage to tell scathing jokes about another canton's people, and their (purported) manners and ways, as if they came from the other side of the planet, or some other planet entirely. In retrospect, seeing that the same kind of thing happens in Ireland among rival counties, I should have expected it. In Swiss joke-opinion, anyway, Zurchers are supposed to be moneymad and grasping, Baslers slippery and not really very Swiss at all, Uri people stubborn and tricky: and the Bernese, Ron explained to me, were slow.

This caught me by surprise. Ron had struck me as anything but slow, though he did have a big, well-fed look about him. It turned out that he was a commodities broker and investment advisor, with a grip of the complexities of the futures markets that left me shaking my head at my own obtuseness. But he insisted that, as a Bernese, he probably *was* slow. "It's the nature of the beast," he said. "We're still mountain people, really. We take our time, thinking. We don't talk fast—" which was what most of the jokes seemed to rely on. "What's this?" Ron said. "Bang!" A long pause. "Bang!" Another one, longer. "Bang!" Pause. "Bang!" Pause.

"I don't know: what?"

"A Bernese machine gun."

Jokes about Bernese lightning followed, and about why you should never tell a Bernese a joke on Friday (he'll get it Sunday morning, in church, and laugh out loud). This went on for a couple of hours at least: I told Ron some transplanted Kerryman jokes from Ireland (let's not forget the one about the guy who ran away from the circus to join an orphanage), and a displaced New Yorker's rude jokes about the inhabitants of New Jersey. Ron spread his net a little wider, and told me the story about the territorial dispute between Canton Glarus and Canton Uri—how it was resolved by a piggyback race, and a lazy Glarner cockerel; and then, later, the one about the Battle of Morgarten, in which Switzerland wasn't actually born, but destiny certainly went into labor with it. All of these jokes and stories seemed (we agreed, more soberly, over the last glass of *grüner Veltliner*) finally to be about the same concept: that our local reality always tends to seem somehow inherently "better" than the one over *there*, no matter how close over *there* is—and the people over there tend to seem less human, if we're not very careful, than the ones over here. From such thinking, blind, cruel nationalism can be born: and has been, in many places. In Switzerland, there remained a tendency for people from one canton to consider marriages to people from other cantons as "mixed marriages", inherently undesirable. This made my head spin a little, as if someone had suggested that a marriage between a New Yorker and someone from California was "mixed". But it remained a mystery to me (so I said to Ron, as he started going through his wallet for money to pay the tab) that in Switzerland—a whole crowd of tiny discrete countries, originally, and all fiercely independent—the result was a lot of funny and fairly rude jokes, and the "mixed marriage" situation, but nothing much worse.

Ron shrugged. "Maybe," he said, reaching into his wallet for one more thing—his business card, cunningly printed on the back of a Swiss phone card—"it's that we don't much like the neighbors, but they sided with us when we fought that lot out there—" And he sketched a gesture in the air which indicated the rest of Europe, certainly: possibly the rest of the world. "So we'll put up with them—for the time being...."

"But the bears," I said. "You said you were protecting them from the government...?"

Ron smiled a little crookedly and told me the story about the founding of the city: how the duke who decided to build his fortified town in that long narrow loop of the Aare told his people to go out hunting, and that he would name the city after the first beast they killed. It was a bear (though there is an odd, apocryphal version of the story which insists that they shot a chicken first, and then some kind of large frog, and each time the exasperated Duke told them to go try again). So "Bärn", or as others would spell it, "Bern" or "Berne", the city became: but when people began to move into the town in numbers, the bears were driven away as a menace to town life, and finally hunted nearly to extinction. Now, due to "repatriation" projects, brown bears are once again rambling in the National Park and among the mountains of the Bernese Oberland. "But without the *Bärengraben*," Ron said, and shook his head, "who knows? Would there be any left at all? So we look after them. A responsibility to the family..."

He had to go. We shook hands: Ron took his leave. I sat there a while looking at his card, and realized I had been misspelling his name in my head. "Ran", not "Ron": Ranald von Zahringen, the card said, under the logo of a famous bank based in Zurich. A memory itched at the back of my mind, and was gone, untraceable, a moment later. I shrugged and tucked the card away, and left the bar, thinking idly about Bernese lightning.

Some months later, it wasn't lightning on my mind when I passed through Bern again, but light. It was dark in the streets. It was Fasnacht.

Fasnacht takes some explaining. It's more than just the carnival tradition which runs through Europe, and which surfaces (in much-changed forms) in the US at Mardi Gras, and in the southern Americas. It can start the week before Shrove Tuesday, and may run through until the week after, depending on local preferences. And Fasnacht has very much its own character in each of the cities which celebrate it.

Some cities do it twice—once for the Catholic population, once for the Protestants: and on different weeks (so that each group can go to the other's party?). In some cities it's an intensely adult preoccupation, as in Basel: razory verbal wit overlies the outrageous costumes, and underlies the rest of the celebration, in the form of the *schneedel*, the long skinny printed handbills of rude and loony dialect doggerel handed out by costumed marchers to passersby—though the same name is also given to the sudden satirical theatre which breaks out without warning in bars and restaurants, and on the street. There are adult dangers, as well. In Basel, at Fasnacht, as long as you're masked (meaning complete-body disguise), you can go up to anyone you know, put on a squeaky high voice, and tell them exactly what you think of them. They'll have no comeback: traditionally, retaliation against someone who gave you a piece of their mind at Fasnacht just isn't done. Here, more than elsewhere, the "pressure valve" quality of carnival tradition makes itself plain—and the continuity of medieval tradition, too, when at four in the morning all the lights in the city suddenly go out, and the massed *cliques*, the formally-constituted parade groups, stand in the city's main plaza in their hundreds, drumming and fifing the *Morgestraich*: the slow, stately Basler call to arms. On a freezing February night, in the pitch darkness, with the drumbeats and the shrill fluting of the fifes rattling off the old buildings around you, you find it unnervingly easy to believe that you've fallen into the fourteenth century, and that the enemy is outside the city walls yet again, waiting to sack the place. When something of the kind might happen any year, you take your Carnival pleasures seriously. You might not taste them again...

Bern's Fasnacht, though, seems a little less deeply grounded in history, and more evenly divided between the adults and the children. The children have their own parade, early on in the proceedings. And *Bärner* Fasnacht doesn't seem as serious as Basel's Fasnacht does. People dress up a lot, though not as formally, not with such intensity, as in Basel; and if there's a repeating theme among the costumes other than whatever the city's Fasnacht committee has already determined for that year, it's bears. Anyone not with one of the *cliques* is likely to be dressed as a bear. The city streets are usually full of them. Night and day there are parties, balls, and impromptu parades, besides the scheduled ones: and everywhere you look, bears dance, bears drink, bears play musical instruments and prowl the streets in packs: bears weave in and out of the arches of the arcades, bears yell *"Gruezi!"* at you and offer you a drink out of bottles or narrow-necked pewter "cans" of good Swiss wine.

The streets were full of bears this week. A happy accident of business on the continent a few days before had left me free to go to Bern for Fasnacht after the weekend, and another accident (someone's cancellation) had made it possible to actually stay in the city, in a time when hotel beds are usually scarcer than hen's teeth.

So I put up happily enough in the Bären, remembering the incredible street noise the last time my husband and I stayed there together: a summer night, too hot not to leave the windows open, certainly too hot for most of the city to go to sleep. Half of Bern stayed up till four in the morning, drinking in the ten or twelve big open-air cafés on the Bundesplatz around the corner: the roar was subdued but incessant, a cheerful unending growl. *Never again*, I swore then, *never again in weather this hot will I stay this close to a large plaza in town: don't these people have* homes *to go to...!* But this time of year it would be much too cold to need to leave windows open: the noise would be no problem. I dumped my bags and changed out of business clothes, and got into more appropriate dress, meaning jeans and a sweatshirt and jacket I wouldn't mind having drink spilled on if it came to that: then went out to the Bundesplatz to join the mob.

Once there, I ate a lot (because Bern is a brilliant city for food, and you'd be crazy not to). I drank a lot (which is difficult to avoid at this time of year: the atmosphere of near-compulsive frivolity and discarded inhibitions is very contagious). In the midst of it all, I found myself being cordially laughed at by some of the people around me in the restaurant when my phone unexpectedly went off: it was Peter, calling to check up on me and complain about not being able to be there and help me eat a lot and drink a lot. I explained to him that I was having a terrible time and would be home the next day, or maybe the day after, depending on how much more unbearable things got. His response to this was to groan at the pun, and then he dictated me a detailed shopping list for things he wanted from the food hall downstairs in the Globus department store. When he finished, I kissed him long-distance and hung up, and the laughing people at the next table, a trio of couples, suggested that we should all go out and do something more interesting than eat.

In any other city, at any other time, such an offer might make a woman on her own nervous: but not there, not then. My hosts' idea of "something different" was simply to get out and mix with the crowds pullulating in the Bundesplatz: so we did.

Down at the bottom end of the Bundesplatz, where the Schauplatzgasse runs into it, stands an interesting piece of sculpture: a big shambling bear made all of golden pine, apparently caught in mid-shamble on his way to the *Bundesrat* across the road. He wears an affable grin, and altogether looks like someone wandering through his town with nothing to do on his day off. Near him is an outdoor "giant" chessboard, where city people or visitors play games of great intensity which are watched by equal intensity by the passers-by. Along with my hosts, I got myself a drink from one of the nearby cafes and joined the crowd of kibitzers, watching a young man with long fair hair and studded leathers playing an older, silver-haired, stubbly man smoking an astonishingly foul cigarette in a peculiar J-shaped holder.

We watched them play for the better part of an hour. They meant business. It might have been the middle of the night in a neutral country long after the frost melted off the Cold Wars, but you couldn't have told it from these two: they played as if empires depended on the outcome. Towards the end of the hour it became plain that the older man with the foul cigarette was pushing his younger counterpart toward checkmate, though how long it would take, I couldn't tell—no more than twelve or fifteen moves, anyway. One of the couples I had come down with had left earlier, pleading hunger, but I knew better—the female half of the couple had been making increasingly risqué jokes as the game progressed, and her boyfriend finally gave in gracefully. Now the second couple was spotted from across the square by some other people they knew, and went off to join them. I stood with the third couple for a while more, watching the net close around the younger player. In the middle of a particularly bloody exchange of bishops, someone bumped into me from behind.

I looked over my shoulder—and laughed out loud. From down around waist level, a bear looked up at me: one of the city's golden bears, it looked like, as opposed to the crowds of grizzly bears, polar bears and teddy bears which populated the square. "Hey, lady," it growled, in English, "you come here often?"

I recognized the voice behind the hoary pick-up line, and laughed again. "Ran? I thought you said you were being posted to Stockholm."

"I was. I'm back. Want a drink?"

"Sure."

I said good night to the remaining couple and followed Ran off to one of the nearer terrace-bars, where (for a miracle) there was a table open. Ran went on all fours, shambling. The walk was very close indeed to the usual gait of the bears in the *Bärengraben*: I wondered how long he had been practicing it. Other people, watching us pass, pointed and applauded. Ran nodded to them, and clambered up on the chair across from me, sitting in it rather awkwardly, as a bear would: overflowing it, somewhat, but that was the costume.

A waiter showed up almost immediately. "Gurten?" Ran said to me, and when I nodded, said to the waiter, *"Zwÿ Gurtnbier, bit', Rudi; miy konto."*

"Jaja, Herr von Zair'ngen," said the waiter, produced a tab slip for Ran to sign—it took some doing, in the costume—and then went off.

"I thought I might run into you somewhere around town," Ran said: "you mentioned you were coming back around now."

"Good guess. I was half wondering whether you might be here, too, though spotting anybody under these costumes takes some doing. Did you see that lady dressed as a peacock?"

"Yes. Wonderful piece of work: must have cost her a fortune." The beers arrived: we didn't bother with glasses—no one else was. We picked up the bottles. *"Zum wohl,"* Ran said: *"Viva,"* said I.

We drank. "You've been down in Romansch-speaking country again," he said. "More research?"

"Dictionary-hunting," I said. "I had to go to St. Moritz."

"Nice excuse," he said.

I chuckled. "Yes, well. It beats skiing. But we got to see S-chanf, this time, and Val Mustair."

"Aha. The National Park. See any of my 'relatives'?" He waved a paw.

I shook my head. There are few parks on Earth so rigidly controlled as the Swiss National Park...the controls mostly making sure that no human can affect this piece of ground in *any* significant way. Humans in the Park must stay on certain marked paths and not venture off them: pets are not allowed, not being native to the local ecology. Here only, in all of Switzerland, fallen trees are left to lie where they fall, instead of being cut and stacked for firewood. Touching any plant, interfering with any animal, is strictly forbidden. Even shouting is against the rules. The only way you get to see wildlife in the National Park is if it wanders within viewing distance of the walking paths...and not much does. But in the silence, you can hear, far off, the cough of the lynx, the moan of the bear...if you're lucky. I had seen nothing but trees, and the silence had been unbroken.

"Speaking of your relatives," I said. "I finally put two and two together."

"I thought you might," he said, "when you saw the business card." His voice was amused.

I was glad about that. I had met a few people in Austria and Germany who had been just very slightly miffed at my seeing the "von" or "zu" in their names and not immediately understanding the connection to nobility, ancient or modern: for there, as here, people are (quietly) proud of such things. Well, "von" is a little watered down these days: "zu"—the noble "of", as in "Elizabeth of England"—is more indicative. In Ran's case, though, it was less the "von" that attracted my attention, than the family name itself: Zahringen. Finally I had recalled why my memory itched a little when I saw it. Berchtold von Zahringen had been the name of that first Duke who found the pretty, wooded hill, very defensible, rising out of that long loop of the Aare, and sent his hunting party off to find the beast which would give his new city its name.

"How direct is the connection?" I said. "It's got to be a lot of generations, now."

"Twenty-two," Ran said, "counting me. And twenty-three is on the way."

"Hey, congratulations! Do you know if it's a boy or a girl yet?"

"Not yet. Betta will have the amniocentesis in a few weeks."

"That's great." We drank again, to the twenty-third generation. "But I gather there's no castle."

"Oh, no, not any more...everything directly associated with the name passed into other hands a long time ago. The government, mostly." His look was wry.

"Still," I said, "there must be a lot of family history that remains to you. They can't take that."

"No," he said, looking thoughtfully at the beer bottle and the bear strolling happily across the Gurten logo with its tongue lolling out: "no, they can't."

We chatted for a little while, slightly aimlessly, about the Zahringen family's doings down through time, especially their involvement with Bern's great "imperialist" period, when they were at their most territorially aggressive (Bern remains one of Switzerland's largest cantons), and when their soldiery, native and exported, was the terror of Europe. "The dirty Swiss," other countries called them—meaning by this that Bernese mercenaries, having once sold their services to a given power, *stayed bought* and refused to resell their contracts to higher bidders after the fact. Such behavior was most unusual, in the Renaissance, and much reviled, especially by those unfortunate enough to have to fight the Bernese. The red and yellow banner with the grinning, shambling black bear was wooed, and loathed, from Rome to Copenhagen and from Calais to Vienna.

"But war," Ran said, leaning back and shaking his head, "statesmanship, all that, *everything* comes down finally to what people do in tight situations." He pushed the beer-bottle around on the table with one clawed paw. I found myself, suddenly, studying those claws. They looked fairly sharp.

"Like the commodities markets," I said, for when we last met we had been discussing the rules for how to prosper in those markets, and Ran had boiled it all down to one simple principle: *Know when the traders are greedy: know when they're scared. Then act accordingly*.

"That's right," Ran said. "That too...." He pushed the bottle around some more.

"Family history," he said. "Let me tell you a piece of it that never made it out into the history books. Old Berchtold the Fifth, my twenty-one-times great whatever...he didn't just send the hunters out. That wasn't his style: he was hunting-mad, Berchtold. He went out with them."

"And shot the chicken. Or the frog."

Ran laughed, and the laugh was half growl.

"Maybe. That, the family version of the story doesn't tell. But they did find the bear, finally. Duke Berchtold wouldn't let them simply shoot it. He went to kill it himself, with a spear, a boar spear, as it happens. And he did kill it, though not before it wounded him."

He paused. I watched him rather curiously.

"Bit him, actually," Ran said.

"Oh," I said. "So after that, every month, when the moon was full—"

Ran looked at me, and smiled.

No mask designed for a high-budget SF movie, not with any four or five or *ten* people from the Muppet Creature Workshop working it from behind, could possibly have moved with the mobility and ease of the absolutely animal face grinning at me now—showing the teeth, the real, glinting bear's teeth, in the most amiable manner. One eye closed in a wink. One brown eye. Not human. Wet.

I took a drink of beer: I needed it. My mouth was dry. "They did call him and his descendants 'the bear-Dukes of Zahringen'," I said. "Maybe I should have suspected the reference wasn't just heraldic. Do all of you do it?"

Ran shook his head. "Only some. It's a 'double recessive': apparently the damaged gene, if that's what it is, takes a fair amount of reinforcing. But Swiss people are conservative, we tend to marry our own."

"Meaning that Bernese marry Bernese," I said, "after what you were telling me the other day about 'mixed marriages'."

"Yes. So, at present, there might be..." He looked thoughtful. "Oh, several hundred of us."

"But some," I said suddenly, "that aren't as...functional as you?"

He looked at me and didn't say anything for a few moments.

"'Double recessive' is one of those terms that sometimes gets used to describe translocated multiple-allele combinations," I said. "And translocation of the gene usually involves loops and fusions of the chromosome. The gene gets further damaged."

After a couple of seconds, Ran nodded. "The lucky ones," he said softly, "have the change start to come on them in early adulthood, and transit back and forth without too much trouble, as long as they're carrying enough weight to transform correctly. There's pain, but—" He shrugged. "Like childbirth, you forget... Others make the change, but don't survive. Not too many of them, any more: those particular genetic combinations seem to have largely bred themselves out of the pool. Though accidents still happen. We had a fellow who was doing high-energy work at CERN. One of his daughters—" He fell silent, then said, "And there are some who make the change...but get stuck."

"What happens to them?" I whispered.

He smiled, a dryer look this time, and picked up his beer bottle. "We protect them," he said, "from the government."

I drank too: the last swig. "Ran," I said, "why are you telling me this?"

Ran put his bottle down. "Who would believe you?" he said. "The story's hardly the kind of thing that the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* would print, even if someone there believed it. And, besides...it's Fasnacht."

I had to laugh at that, while still feeling fairly somber. "Thanks for telling me," I said. "I'm sorry for your trouble...though you seem to be coping pretty well with a difficult situation."

"Difficult," Ran said, "oh, I suppose so." He climbed down from the chair. "Especially with the franc as strong as it is. But taken all together, it's not so hard. You know what's really hard?"

"What?"

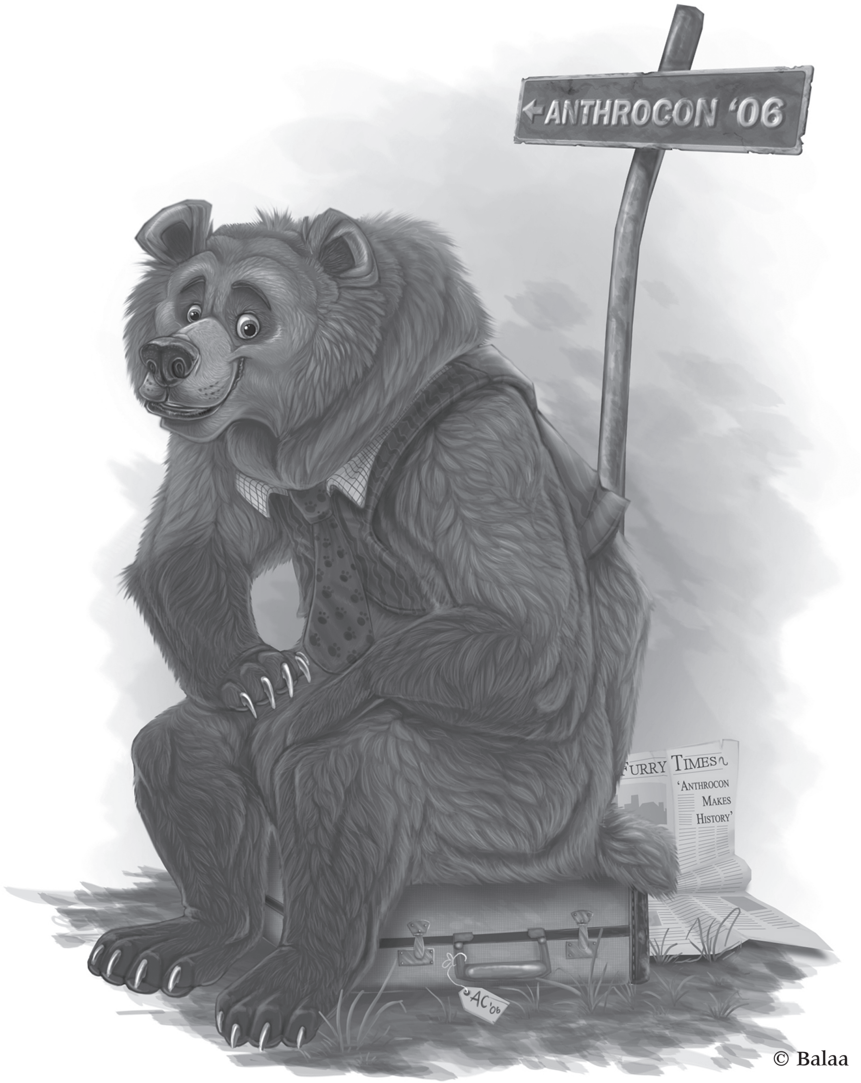
"Spending a whole night talking without moving my mouth," he said, and winked again, and slipped away into the crowd in the square, where the shaggy brown-golden pelt got lost behind a screen of about a hundred semi-drunken people.

Blinking, I looked after him. The crowd parted for a moment, just long enough to show a glimpse of him, shambling along, on all fours again, to the delight of the people immediately around him: they applauded, they whooped, one of them bent down to offer him a drink from a bottle. I saw the big golden-brown head swing in that direction, eyes glittering in the light from the nearby restaurant, the expression in them hard to tell from this distance. Irony? Amusement? —Then the head shook from side to side, politely refusing, probably muttering something in *Bärnerdeutsch*: without moving his mouth. A sound of laughter, and the crowd closed again: he was gone.

I got up and went back to the chess game (still in progress, but moving swiftly toward an disastrous endgame reminiscent of that last Kasparov game against the computer). First, though, I asked the waiter who had taken care of us for a glass of *pflumli,* which I drank fast. A few minutes later the world was wobbling slightly, and the idea of bears who were also commodities brokers didn't seem so bizarre. It must be nice, when you came right down to it, to have one night a year when you could come out in your own clothes, your own skin, and speak your mind. But that was always the idea, as far as Fasnacht was concerned. There would always be at least one night of the year when, fully masked, you could go up to anybody and let them know what you thought of them: and afterwards, no matter how insulted, the party you had so favored could not retaliate. Except there was at least one Bernese who, on these two or three nights each year, didn't put the mask on: he took it off. And laughed, showing his teeth.

And what about the others? I thought, rather later, on the train to the plane home at noontime. Other cities have mascots, but few have held onto them with the tenacity of the Bernese, in these times of ruthless modernization and the systematic rubbishing of the "sentimental" and "outdated". Now I suspected it was because the bears have help—"professional" help. How many other distant children of the Zahringen, wearing skins occasionally alien to them—dark quiet suits, business dresses—have pushed quietly, lobbied, speaking a word in a bar here, a local political committee meeting there, to make sure that the relatives who couldn't now speak for themselves were properly taken care of? And not turned out into the wild for the sake of political correctness, either, but cared for and companioned by those who walked on two legs, and spoke a local dialect that they could at least partially understand. Bad enough to be a beast with only the distant echoes of humanity left at the bottom of your brain: worse still to be stuck with humanity that didn't speak *Bärnerdeutsch.*

Let others, outsiders, think what they like. In Bern, at least, the family takes care of its own....and the figs and carrots are extra.



© Balaa

Art Copyright © 2006 Anastasia Korochansckaja
http://Balaa.deviantart.com

On Making History

Laurence "GreenReaper" Parry

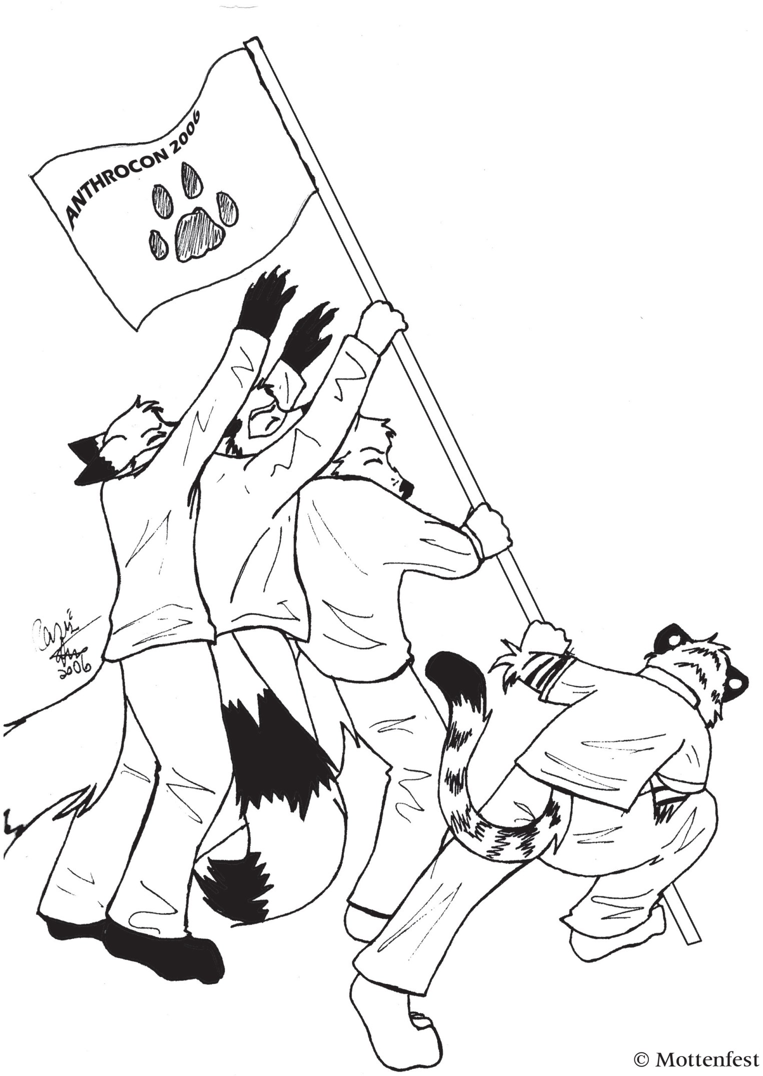
Well done - you made it to Anthrocon! Hopefully by now you've had the chance to check in and drop off your luggage, and are ready to get down to the serious business of having the best time of your life.

For some of you this will be your first convention. You're going to love it – just don't forget to eat and sleep! It's hard, I know. There's so much to do: the programs, the art show, the dances, and much, much more…

…and, of course, there are the people we come here to see, to talk to, and to listen to. I don't have to name names – besides, most of them are already within this book. They are the ones hosting the panels, selling the wares, and running Anthrocon itself. They are the ones we look up to. They are the ones who make history.

I'm going to let you in on a little secret: *These people are just like you*.

You heard me right. There's nothing magic about it. Everyone has the potential to be a star – including you. If you choose to, through your actions, you can be one of these people. **You** can make history.



© Mottenfest

History isn't made in a day, of course. A good story is rarely the work of a few minutes. Websites don't spring up overnight – at least, not the ones people want to visit. An artist's grasp of anatomy is only obtained through close observation and ceaseless practice. Conventions take long hours of planning over many months to organize. All worthwhile things take time to achieve; some take a lifetime to master.

But a year is a long time! If you start now, you could achieve a lot. Maybe there's a hole in the fandom – one that only you could fill. Choose something, try it out for a couple of months and see how you go. Remember, you don't have to be the best artist, or the most literate writer. You just need to get a little better every day.

Still stuck for ideas? That's what the programming is for! Find an interesting topic and run with it. Failing that, just about anyone can run a local furmeet, administer a mailing list, or help out at a con. Give it a try.

Maybe you're thinking you don't have time. Trust me: when you've found the right thing, you'll *make* time. The reason the people we respect seem so driven is that they **love what they do**; maybe not every minute of every day, but enough to make it something special to them. There *is* something like that out there for you.

The con's on now, so enjoy yourself. Just remember – next year, the person making history could be **you**.

Setting The Record

Ed "Teflon Cougar" Smith

"Where am I?" was his first thought. He realized he had said it out loud when someone answered him.

"Yeah, that's the first thing they always say," she—whoever *she* was—said from the bushes. "They never believe the answer though."

The bushes to his left rustled as she made her appearance. She was a grey wolf trotting along on all fours. At first he thought she was the voice's pet until she sat, flared her nostrils and continued talking. "Nope. Smell is all wrong, you don't belong here. We'll have to fix that. I found you so it falls to me to send you back home." She shifted her weight to her back legs and much to his surprise she stood up on them. She offered her paw, which now looked like a hand. "My name is Justina. What's yours?"

"Ben. I'm Ben."

"Come along, Ben, there's a way to these things." She walked back to the bushes and separated them with her new hands. "Follow me, and stop staring at my *tail."* Ben followed Justina through the bushes and found himself on a well manicured path with a unicorn grazing beside it.

"Let me guess. I was in an accident, went through the windshield and now I'm in a coma?"

"More like old castle, enchanted looking glass, full moon, wrong place, right time. Now come on. Let's do this." She trotted up to a tree and knocked at a bare spot where the bark had been stripped away. The tree shuddered and seemed to stretch its branches like a person just waking up.

"Hello Justina." The tree greeted the wolf. "So nice to see you, especially with your leg down."

"Still not funny. Look I found another one."

"One what?"

"One." She gestured towards Ben with her head. When she stepped aside he could see a face in the bark.

"Oh, right, right." One of it branches lowered with a red bundle on it. Ben could tell it wasn't an apple. "Here it is." She took it, barked her thanks and carried it over to Ben.

"This is the traveler's cloak of what you would call fairytale land. It tells the locals to let you be." Ben put on the red hood and cape with an odd feeling and followed after the wolf. She led him to a hill with a well on the top. "Here we are, just a little further," Justina said with a grin.

"I feel a bit weird wearing this thing and following a wolf."

"Um, why?"

"You know… wolf. Red Riding Hood. Killed grandma?"

"Oh for the love of cheese!" Justina cursed. "Why does the history on your world get so mixed up? That grandma was denying that child proper food and abusing her. That brave heroic wolf was providing an intervention when the grandma escalated matters. That killing was self defense." She stopped at the edge of the well.

"And the three little pigs?"

"Legal eviction for a defaulted mortgage refinancing. So anything else you need straightened out? No? Good. Now just hold any coin in your fist and wish yourself home." She watched him toss a small silverish coin into the well and then he was gone.

"Puh, wolves as the bad guys. Why do I always have to set the record straight?"

© C. GAFFORD 2006

© Kittrel

Riddley Rabbit Makes History

James L. Brandt

"Technical Inspection to the starting line at *once*!"

The steward's announcement heard overhead called me to my duty, as apparently, there were some questions about a competitor, just about to start his run. My wife and I are staffing this event as officials with the SCRA, or Stellar Car Racing Association. I could see her up on the grid with a rather unlikely looking pilot who was about to attempt to set a land speed record.

"We got a rabbit morph driver up there with a personal equipment problem," my Chief of Tech's voice crackled in my radio earphone, "Get him going or get him out of there. We can't wait all afternoon. We've got a big lineup of race cars ready to go, back here."

A rather dapper little anthro-lop was in full, legal flamesuit attire and had an approved helmet, gloves and everything else, except that...

"Sure, I think you're cute," my wife told him as I came to the line. "But, rules are rules. No ears outside of the helmet. Period."

"Your car passed tech," I pointed out to him. "You had to present a flameproof head sock during inspection. So, where is it?"

We had to look down to talk to this competitor who was about half our height. He wore a wide-eyed, blank expression behind his pink nose and whiskers, like he'd just been caught stealing garden carrots.

"I...uhh...borrowed one from my teammate," the white rabbit admitted to us. "But it doesn't fit over my ears. He's a ferret, you know."

That was a smooth move. Now what? Yank him out of line?

"But, it doesn't matter. I accept the risks!" the diminutive pilot proclaimed, "For, I am Riddley Rabbit, and I am Making History!"

"World's Fastest Rabbit." my wife chided him, "Not without personal protection, you're not. Rules are rules. Find yourself a hood."

I was about to call to have him and his car removed, when I spotted a leopardtaur basking in the bright sun atop the fire and rescue truck we keep parked at the ready at the starting line. Hir own flamesuit was unwound to hir shoulderwaist, so warm was the midday sun, and shi was wearing sunglasses. Hir own head sock and helmet were laid out on the truck roof, to be put on at a moments notice.

"Hey, up there!" I called to the feline firefighter. "We have a driver down here who seems to have an overabundance of ears. Would you have a good sized piece of fireproof headgear we could borrow?"

"Sure," the leopardtaur told me, "I've even got a spare balaclava to fit a liontaur. It's big enough to bag the whole bunny!"

In no time, we had the pint-sized paladin suited up and belted into his small torpedo-shaped race car. He gave me a thumbs up gesture.

"You are about to become part of racing history!" Riddley shouted through his helmet, all set and ready to make his land speed run.

"Just come back in one piece, pal," I told him, slammed closed his clear bubble canopy, dogged it down, and pointed to the flag man.

On the starter's signal, the little white bullet car moved off the line with a jolt that shook the short vertical fin it wore atop its tapered tail. It then trundled down the track, making a faint buzzing noise as if propelled by a giant electric toothbrush motor.

Trust a radical environmentalist fuzz-ball wacko rabbit to attempt to set a land speed record with a battery powered electric race car.

It did not accelerate. It never gathered much speed. I thought it broke down at the start, but no, the miniature, elliptical racer just sort of ambled along at a constant, gradual pace. Following a stripe painted on the vast, expansive salt flats that we use for these speed record runs, it seemed to take forever to vanish on the horizon line.

Now, regulations require a competitor to back up their run within an hour to make any speed record official. He must have had a crew at the one mile marker, because, sure enough, the tiny torpedo on wheels reappeared later, approaching us at the scintillating pace of your average trotting horse. I think the timing and scoring people were falling asleep on the clocks, just waiting for him, as he completed his run. The land speed lop actually popped a braking parachute at the finish line, though I can't for the life of me see why, and his rolling racer kind of coasted to a stop, not too far from where it started, over what seemed like a week ago, now.

The oddly proportioned dwarf driver clamored out of the cockpit and landed feet-first on the salt with a pronounced thump. He doffed his helmet, pulled off the balaclava and his gloves and dropped them inside, then tossed the helmet back on the drivers seat. He stuffed his hands in his pockets and looked around expectantly. Nobody else was going, so I walked up to the lop.

"Well, that's got it!" he said brightly, nodding as I arrived.

"Got *what*?" I asked brusquely, "A bad case of the sniffles!?"

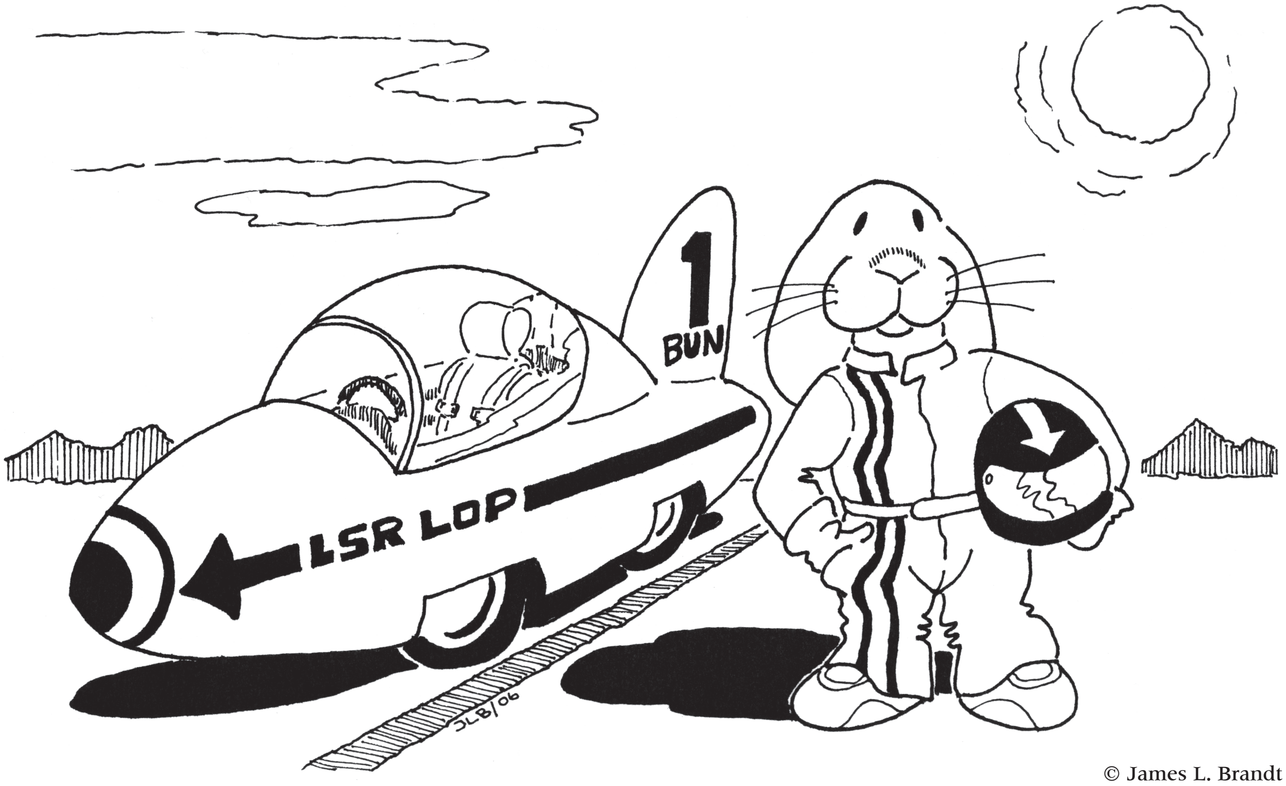
"Yo momma," Riddley retorted. "I got the *record*, man!"

"*What* record?" I demanded, "We could have *walked* the line faster than that. You didn't hit but fifty miles per hour out there! That kind of land speed record attempt could've been done on the beltway!"

"That's right." Riddley informed me, closing his eyes and nodding, even more confidently, now. "Depending on the species of the rabbit, we can reach a speed of thirty-five to forty-five miles an hour tops. Fifty is Making History. It's an All-Time Rabbit Record."

I put my face in my hands.

"Hey!" Riddley inquired, turning to and fro, looking around again. "Where are my awards and all of my Trophy Bunnies at?"



© James L. Brandt

Kamikaze

Charles R. deCharleroy, Jr

Crystal blue skies began the day o'er the shore by the sea of Japan. Upon the sands stood the samurai of many clans: the sly and swift Kitsune; the short, stocky, and stealthy Tanuki; the strong, nimble Saru of the deep forests; and the clan of cats, the Neko, who combined some of the skills of the previous three. They waited for the invasion they'd been warned of by the crows who'd flown from the mainland. Not long did they need to wait, for there over the horizon, like a thick flock of birds flying low over the waters, came the ships.

A vast and nearly innumerable fleet, led by the warrior-emperor Cougari Khan, grandson of the ferocious Mongol lord, Tigris Khan, swept swiftly toward their next conquest. All lands across the sea had already fallen to the power and might of the Khans, and now only the little island country of Japan escaped their grasp. But it would not be so for long; such was Cougari Khan's plan.

The defenders, a conglomeration of clans normally regarded as enemies from rival shogunates now banded together to face this singular threat to their existence, felt themselves shaken within as they gazed in wonder upon the fleet of mighty ships that swept forth over the sea in a never-ending procession. Though brave and trained to fight without fear of pain or death, their hope was almost crushed by the sheer numbers of the Mongol-led horde. And what a monstrous horde it was! Huge bears, massive oxen, giant pandas, snow leopards, fierce tigers, and even a few dragons rode in droves upon the decks of the great ships, packed tightly together in their armor and overloaded with weapons so that it seemed there was space aboard not for even one more.

On the shore, the ranks of the samurai all knew they would share the same fate in this battle against the invaders. No matter how cunningly or valiantly they fought, there was simply no way to win against such an army. But before despair could truly set in, there came among them Shinpu Tsuru, the elder crane priest from temple of the sacred mountain.

"Fear not, noble warriors!" he cried. "I have spoken to the gods of the winds. They shall not let our land be taken. Stand firm and we shall be delivered."

Closer and closer came the great fleet filling the sea as sometimes the large jellyfish did, so thickly that it seemed one could step from one to another, all the way to China without getting ones paws wet. Rockets began to fly forth from the ships closest to shore, bursting with thunderous explosions within the ranks of the samurai. Some of the defenders fell from the blasts, but not one turned or took so much as one step back. The ships dropped anchor and the first troops of the great army readied their boats to invade.

But before the paw of the first Chinese warrior could step into the landing craft, the sky—which had until then been clear as sapphire—turned suddenly black as pitch. A boiling, churning, angry wall of cloud swept up from the south and blotted out the sun, turning day into twilight in an instant. The gentle breeze transformed into a gale that howled like a demon let loose from the depths of hell, crying and wailing for souls to devour.

"Now!" cried the crane. "Into the forests! We must shelter ourselves in the safety of the sacred trees, lest the wrath of gods consume us as well as our enemy!"

The samurai swiftly vanished into the wood, climbing high into the boughs of the ancient trees to await the end of the gods' vengeance.

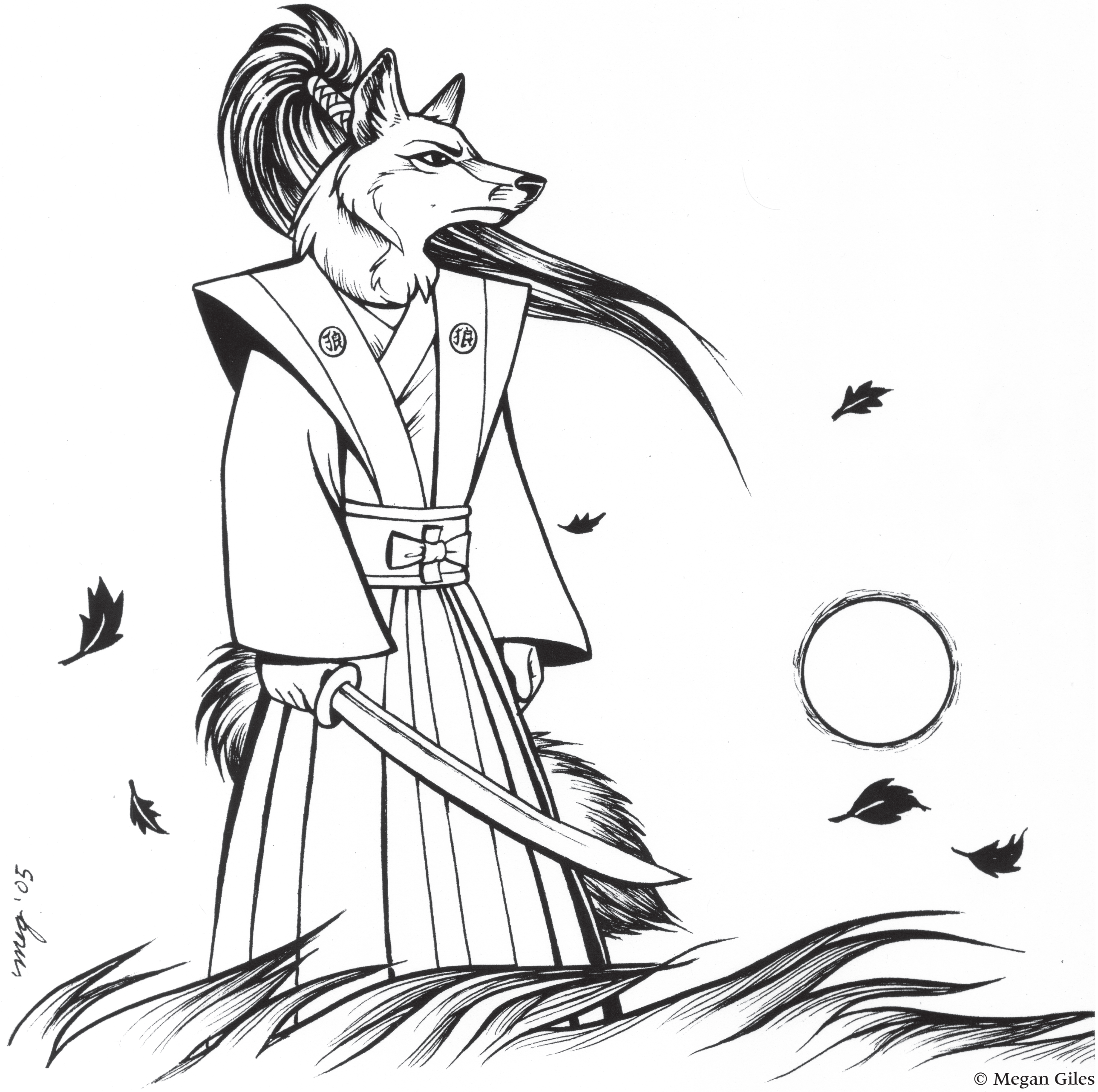
Through the long night, the gods let the enemy know whom it was who truly ruled the sea and sky. One by one, the overloaded ships capsized as the waves crashed over them, swallowing up the invaders as they toppled overboard. The ferocious, relentless tempests tore the masts to splinters and beat violently against the boats' hulls, combining with the waves to snap the anchor lines and toss the ships about like leaves in the wind. Hulls smashed together and shattered, throwing the armor-laden warriors into the gaping, frothing maw of the angry sea. The cries of horror from the doomed army were lost in the tumultuous roar of the cyclone.

The night passed with the storm finally sating its rage as morning came; the swirling clouds whisked away and the sun stretched its arms of light over the mountains in the east. The samurai, safely held as promised by the sacred trees, finally ventured down to the shore to see what troubles the gods' fury had wrought upon the invading forces.

The sight they found sent a wave of astonishment through their entire host, for surface of the sea, once blackened by the Chinese armada, was now all but empty. And upon the formerly clean sands of the beach lay strewn the wreckage of a thousand ships and the bodies of many drowned warriors. Many more lay entombed forever beneath the gently lapping waves.

Only one battered ship remained, the largest and sturdiest of the once proud Mongol fleet, itself creaking and listing badly, now turned back toward the mainland in retreat. And there, standing upon the cracked stern, stood the fabled warlord, Cougari Khan himself, much smaller and meeker than the tales of him described, gazing longingly at the lone land that had defeated his might.

As the ship shrank away in the distance, the samurai let out a shout of triumph. But soon, at the priest's urging, the din silenced as all bowed in humble prayers of thanks. They had not won the war, as the priest said. Not a single slash of a finely crafted sword, or one carefully aimed arrow's swift flight had saved them. They owed their lives and land to the divine wind.



© Megan Giles

Saving History

Allen Kitchen

Rufus Tyranis leaned both hands on his swordcane, facing the door of the old adobe and mud house in front of him. The narrow street in the city had many houses, all abutted up together. We barely had room to stand together side by side as we faced the door.

His ancient canine face was white with age and his drooping jowls wrinkled as he spoke. “Knock on the door, Theo,” he ordered, his voice tired and worn. “Let’s get this business over with.”

I nodded to the elderly “Lord High Protector of the Word”. Then I rapped smartly on the centuries-old wooden door with the hilt my own sword. It wasn’t hidden within a cane as my master’s was. But there wasn’t really any need for such deception with me. People knew who we were and what our jobs were. He was the final word and the most senior member of the city’s secret police. He was rich, well-connected, and one of the few purebred Shepherds he’d ever met.

Whereas I, I was… not. I was also less connected than Rufus and far less than purebred. I was Tyranis’s assistant. I was his muscle. And I was the one knocking on the door at nothing more than his word.

“Who’s there?” a frightened female voice called from inside the ancient stucco building.

“It’s the sanitation department,” Lord Tyranis replied with a sardonic smirk.

Several seconds passed. I stepped one foot back as I heard the sound of bare feet on sun-dried brick approaching the doorway. There was a clattering of locks being released. Then the door cracked open enough for an elderly woman to put her head out.

Her head was bald, which wasn’t unusual for felines. Her muzzle was wrinkled and streaked with white. She might have been as old as Lord Tyranis, perhaps. Her one-piece robe draped around her right shoulder was dingy with age as well.

“I don’t understand,” she said, cautiously looking back and forth between us. “There is no sanitation problem here.” She started to close the door when Tyranis lifted his weight off his cane and thrust it into the doorway to prevent the door from closing.

“We aren’t that kind of sanitation department,” he replied. “We are from the Ministry of Conceptual Purity, Miss…”

“Alexandria,” the lady angrily filled in for him as she opened the door again. “Evian Alexandria, if you please. And while you are pleasing yourself with that, I’ll thank you to get your cane out from my doorway.”

My master let out an amused snort and he pulled his cane back. That was a cue for me if I ever saw one. I stepped forward, placed my leg in the doorway and pushed the door all the way open again. It swung wide and crashed open with a loud retort. Several heads, canine and feline, turned at the loud sound. Neither I nor Lord Tyranis paid it any mind – we were government agents here on government business.

“The Ministry of Conceptual Purity,” I told the shocked looking woman, “has learned that you are keeping a library here in your house.”

Her eyes suddenly radiated fear. I glanced at my Master, as if confirming that he saw it too. He nodded slightly in my direction. I knew then that the rumors were true, after all.

“The law of the new republic clearly states that all libraries are subject to inspect for contraband material at any time,” he told her.

Alexandria shook her head. “No, you’re mistaken,” she replied, her voice trembling. “Only public libraries have to have their books purged of contraband and illicit materials.”

“That law was appended late last year, Alexandria. Now private libraries are covered under the same law.”

“I don’t believe that for an instant!”

Tyranis shrugged and stepped forward. “Believe what you like,” he emperiously pronounced. “Nevertheless, we are going to take a look at your library, and we are going to do so now.”

Alexandria tried to block our entrance with her body. But a thin, old, possibly malnourished feline was no match for a young, powerful canine. I pushed her aside as easily as I might push aside a child. She crumpled into a pile beside a rickety old table in what I presumed was her entry and eating area.

Only a small amount of light fell into the room, all of it delivered by a single sun-hole in the roof. The room smelled thickly of feline cooking and strong herbs. There was safrance, magisic, and I could almost swear I smelled a touch of Rollite – which was as potent a drug as it was illegal. Just a hint of it, though. Not enough to call out the village guard without looking foolish when they would just shrug and claim not to smell anything.

Otherwise, there wasn't any sign or scent of anyone else in the building. There were old scents, certainly, but nothing in the last day or two. I nodded to my master that the room was secure. He came inside and stopped, letting his eyes adjust to the much lower light inside.

"I protest!" the elderly woman cried as she gathered herself up and rose to her feet again. "The articles of the Federation clearly state…"

"The articles of Federation," Lord Tyranis impatiently snapped, "state that for a lasting peace to exist, all instruction and documentation has to be uniform, all across our empire. So the ministry has the authority to eliminate falsehood and non-truth wherever it sees fit!"

"You can't just break into people's homes whenever you wish!"

"I didn't break in; you opened the door to us." My master then pulled slightly on his cane. A sliver of steel shone free of its scabbard. "And any more interference out of you will be considered treason against the Federation, and will be met with deadly force." His eyes glared at the old woman – the threat was more than clear.

I was surprised by his reaction. I understood why he needed his sword – those who refused to give up their errors and falsehoods oftentimes could be violent. And it was necessary that he have his own way of defending himself in case I should be killed protecting him. But to threaten the life of an old woman? A woman who had no weapons, hadn't threatened violence and, in fact, hadn't done anything but protest the legality of my master's entry?

"Um, master?" I worriedly began, "I realize I'm new and that I'm speaking out of turn, but shouldn't we just get on with our job and get it over with? The sooner we inspect her library…" I glanced at the old woman. "… the sooner we can be gone."

Lord Tyranis continued to glare at Alexandria for several seconds. Then he slapped the cane back into one piece again, hiding the deadly blade inside. "True," he grumbled. "We shouldn't dally about. We have work to do. And I need to train you in how to properly do it."

I pointed to the other door leading into the rest of the house. "I assure you, my lord, that I'm quite able to protect you." *From everything but yourself*, I added silently to myself. I just hoped the old woman wasn't on a first name basis with any Senators or there would be a lot worse than hell to pay.

Lord Tyranis walked purposefully toward the passage and into the room beyond. I followed, keeping a step behind him. The room we entered had several chairs and a sun-hole above each one. It was much better lit than the kitchen was. On one wall of the room, were several dozen bookshelves, embedded into the clay walls.

Each shelf held about sixty books, of all different sizes and colors. Their spines were pointed into the room and the labels on them described their contents in a multitude of languages. Some of the languages were legal and allowed. But some of the languages, I noticed, were forbidden. A fact not lost on my master, either.

"You can't touch my books!" Alexandria angrily protested from the doorway. "These are my private property! You and the ministry have no authority to do anything in here!"

Lord Tyranis picked out a book at random and pulled it from the shelf, ignoring the woman's hiss of rage. He flipped through a couple of pages and turned to me as he stepped into a shaft of light from a sun-hole. He began to read.

"And the feline warrior, DeLann, took his sword and cut off the head of the traitorous canine, Torlvan Shir," he began. "The head and the body were buried in separate graves as a warning to all others who would attempt to poison innocent civilians of a city." He closed the book and looked at me. "What part of that story sounded wrong to you, Theo?" he asked.

I nervously looked at the book, then up at him again. I was never all that good at history, and I certainly wasn't expecting a pop quiz from my master, especially today.

"Well, as I recall it, it was the feline DeLann who was beheaded by Torlvan Shir," I answered.

"At least that's how I recall it – it's been a long time since my elementary school days, however."

"Bah!" Alexandria angrily spat. "That's just what the ruling party wants you to think. That's all they've taught you!"

"And it's the truth," my master patiently replied.

"It isn't the truth at all!"

"If the government says that something is true, then it is true. Your so-called facts don't matter."

I looked at my master, somewhat surprised. "Facts?" I asked him. "Are you saying that what I was taught as a child isn't what really happened?"

My master didn't answer. Instead, he put the book back in its original spot and pulled out another one. He flipped through its pages, shaking his head all the while.

"Calculus?" he asked. He shook his head then closed the book and dropped it on the floor. Then he read from the labels on the other books on the shelf as he pointed to them.

"The true history of the southern continent. Vulpine history. Chemistry?" He stopped there and angrily turned to face Alexandria. "Why would an old woman like you possibly have a book on such a backward concept like Chemistry? Haven't the Holy Alchemists proven that Chemistry doesn't even begin to explain the reality of how the world works?"

I only halfway heard my master's voice. His earlier words were ringing in my mind. Facts? What the history books stated was truth but what the woman's books contained were facts – different facts than the books I'd read growing up? I couldn't get my mind around the contradiction. What was the difference between the two? Weren't they one and the same?

The woman was practically snarling now. Her crooked brown fangs were clearly visible. "Your alchemists can't explain a damned thing about how things work," she snarled. "They can't even show how oil burns in air or why!"

"Oil burns in the air because it's God's will that it do so," my master replied with a touch of impatience. "Any more than that, you don't need to know."

I stared at the puma, worried that she might reach for a weapon or a kitchen knife. I knew that her level of anger was dangerous. It made people do stupid things. Hopeless things, even. But foolhardy or not, they did them anyway, the cost and the consequences irrelevant in the madness of the moment. I gripped the hilt of my sword and wondered if I had it in me to kill an old woman inside her own home.

But Alexandria just backed away from the door instead. She glared fiercely at my master all the while, locking her eyes with his. "I shall get the city guard," she announced. "Even you have to obey them. I shall get the guard and they will throw your sorry asses out of my home. This… this invasion into my home is illegal, and I won't stand for it a moment longer!"

Lord Tyranis nodded and crossed his arms across his chest in defiance. "By all means," he said with a wave of his hand. "Go and get your guards. Bring them here to throw us out."

Alexandria glared at him and then at me in turn. Then she turned and ran out the door, presumably heading for her front door. She cried out in a loud voice that thieves and bandits were attacking her. To gain the attention of the city guard as quickly as possible, no doubt.

Tyranis sighed and reached into the left pocket of his breeches. "Nothing good ever came from one of the Cat people," he muttered. "Unpleasant, unreasonable lot, every last one of them." Then he pulled out two flasks from his pocket. He handed one to me. "Okay, Theo. Time to teach you the rest of your duties."

I took the clear, glass flask from my master. I looked into it. It was filled with what appeared to be oil. "What shall I do with this, my lord?" Somehow, I didn't think he was going to tell me to quiet the hinges on the doors.

"Just splash it on as many of the books as you can hit," my master replied. He took the cork off of his bottle and began to shake it onto the books at the left. "I'll take this side, you take the other. Be sure to get the books on the bottom since fire rises."

I stood there, dumbly watching my mentor and teacher pouring flammable liquid on a stash of privately owned books in somebody's private home. A moment passed and he turned to look at me. "Well, aren't you going to do what I told you to do?" he demanded.

I stood motionless still. "Master?" I finally said in a quiet voice. "Isn't this illegal? Our authority to police what people read is limited to libraries."

He turned and frowned at me. "And this is a library. Isn't it?" he snapped.

I shook my head. "This is a private house," I pointed out. "And master, I am confused. You say that what I was taught was the truth and that these books contained facts. And I can't grasp what the difference is."

Lord Tyranis sighed deeply as if he was tired of speaking. "My son," he began, glancing at the door nervously. "The difference between fact and truth is that fact can only exist in a vacuum. Fact is all you have if you do not believe in anything. Whereas truth is more important than fact because it acknowledges a certain reality which facts alone cannot.

"Such as your example with DeLann and Torlvan Shir." He looked firmly at me again. "And while yes, the fact is that it was the feline warrior who struck down a canine terrorist and traitor, the truth is that the felines became emboldened by DeLann's act. It became a rallying cry for the Southern Rebellion fifty years ago. How many people died in that conflict, canine and feline? Hmm?"

I shook my head. The correct number was not known, though it was known that two million canine soldiers went to fight the rebellion and never came home again. And while the rebellion was put down, it was done at a staggering cost.

"The number is in the millions, at the least," I finally said.

Tyranis nodded quickly. "And now you know the difference between fact and truth," he said. "Facts without proper presentation or manipulation can lead to very bad consequences. The reality is that we must make sure that no incorrect or backwards-thinking records ever remain, anywhere." He gestured to the books. "That includes inside private homes and personal libraries, even though you'll never get the Ministry to publicly acknowledge those orders exist.

"So you and I have to destroy these books. For the sake of all our citizens – even Alexandria, although she can't possibly understand it at this time." He looked down at my trembling hands and the bottle of oil. I hadn't even been aware that they were trembling until just now. His gaze slowly turned upwards to lock with mine. "So," he sighed. "What is it going to be, Theo?" He rested both hands on his sword cane, watching me. "We have very little time for debate. Are you going to side with the dissidents and malcontents, or are you going to side with the forces of truth and order?"

I took a deep breath, said an old prayer for wisdom that my mother taught me when I was a child… then I pulled the cork out of my bottle.

* * * * * * *

The smoke was visible for miles. We couldn't make out the yelling and crying for help anymore, although the voices that called out close behind us as we left Alexandria's house still reverberated in my ears. My master and I were now at least a half mile away from the conflagration behind us. We both had to get out of the street as hand-drawn water wagon with eight soot-black felines rushed toward the fire to help prevent its spread to other buildings.

"You chose wisely," my master said at last. It was the first thing he had said to me in the last hour that we'd been walking. "I'm very proud of you. And do not fear." He turned toward me and gave an unpleasant, rotten smile. "It will get easier with time. Each passing day means there are fewer and fewer copies of such heresy to deal with. I daresay that one day, you will find that there are no more such books to worry about anymore."

I took a deep breath and exhaled again. "Do you think that the oil burned them all?" I asked him.

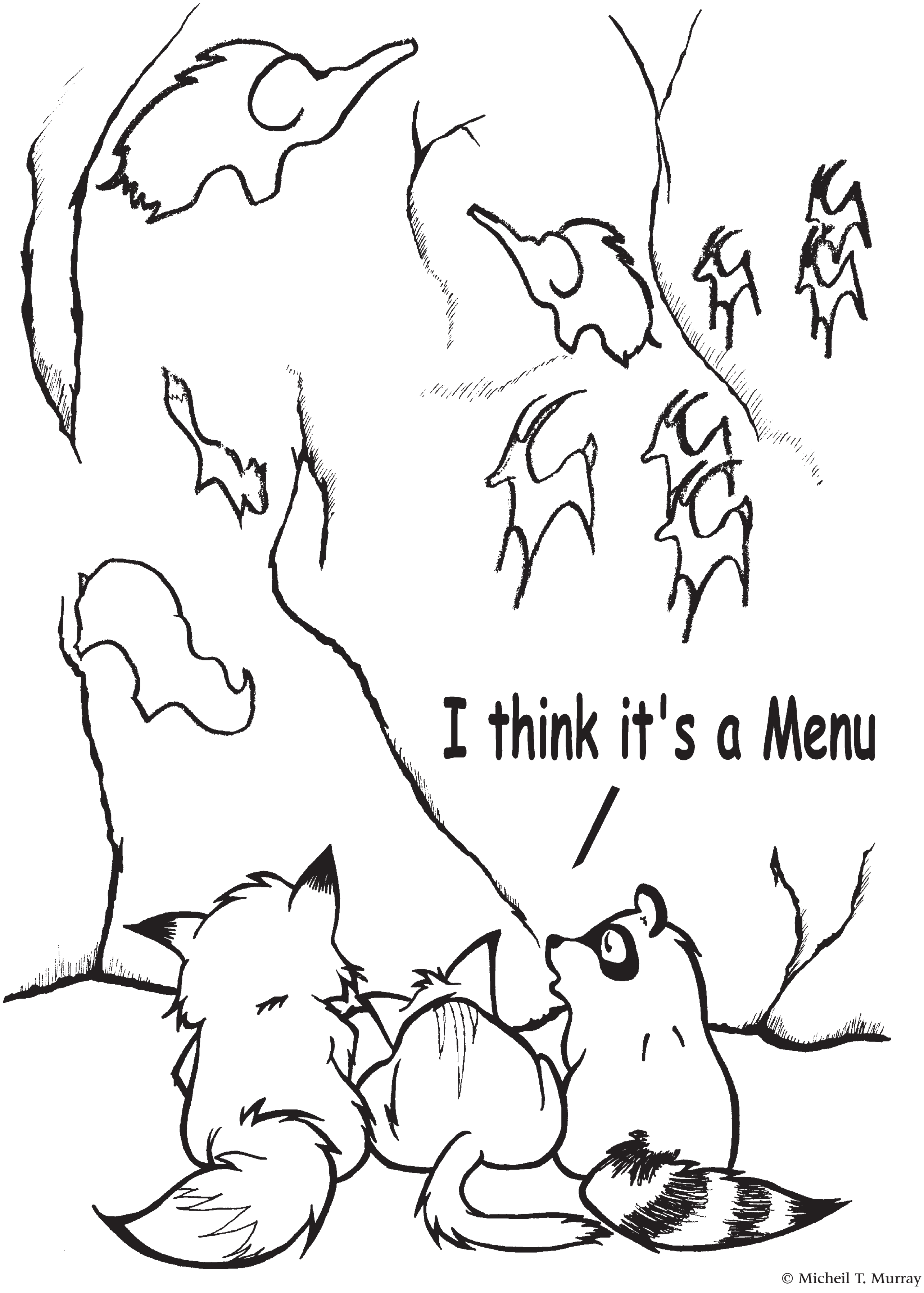
He nodded sagely. He probably thought my worry but a simple case of nerves. "Most certainly," he said. "My guess is that you won't ever have to deal with those books or their evil mistruths ever again." He put his left hand on my shoulder as we walked. "You should be proud of yourself and your actions, Theo. You've done the right thing."

I nodded back to my master, grateful that he chose to put his hand on my shoulder instead of on my back. For in the secret compartment in the back of my cloak is where I hid the book I managed to pull off the shelf without his noticing. 'The true history of the Southern Continent' I believe it was labeled, though I could be mistaken. I was in something of a hurry to take it while I was splashing the oil on the other books.

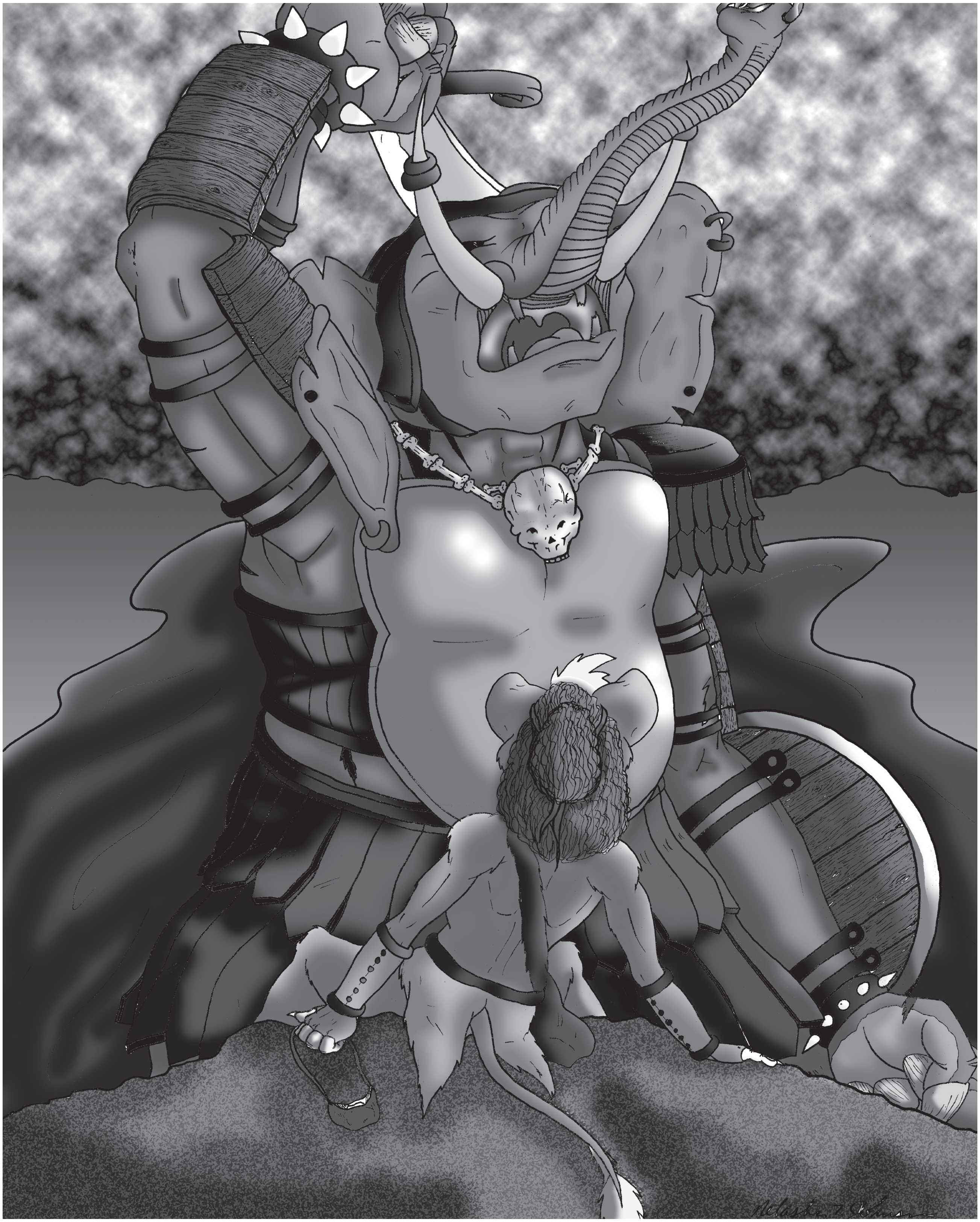
It was only one book. But one book is still more than zero. And who knows? Maybe one day the rediscovery of this one book will create some history of its own, or maybe rewrite it again. At the very least I'll learn what the facts are (as Lord Tyranis put it) instead of just the publicly accepted truth.

"I am proud, master," I replied to him with a knowing smile. *But not for the reasons you think*, I silently added.

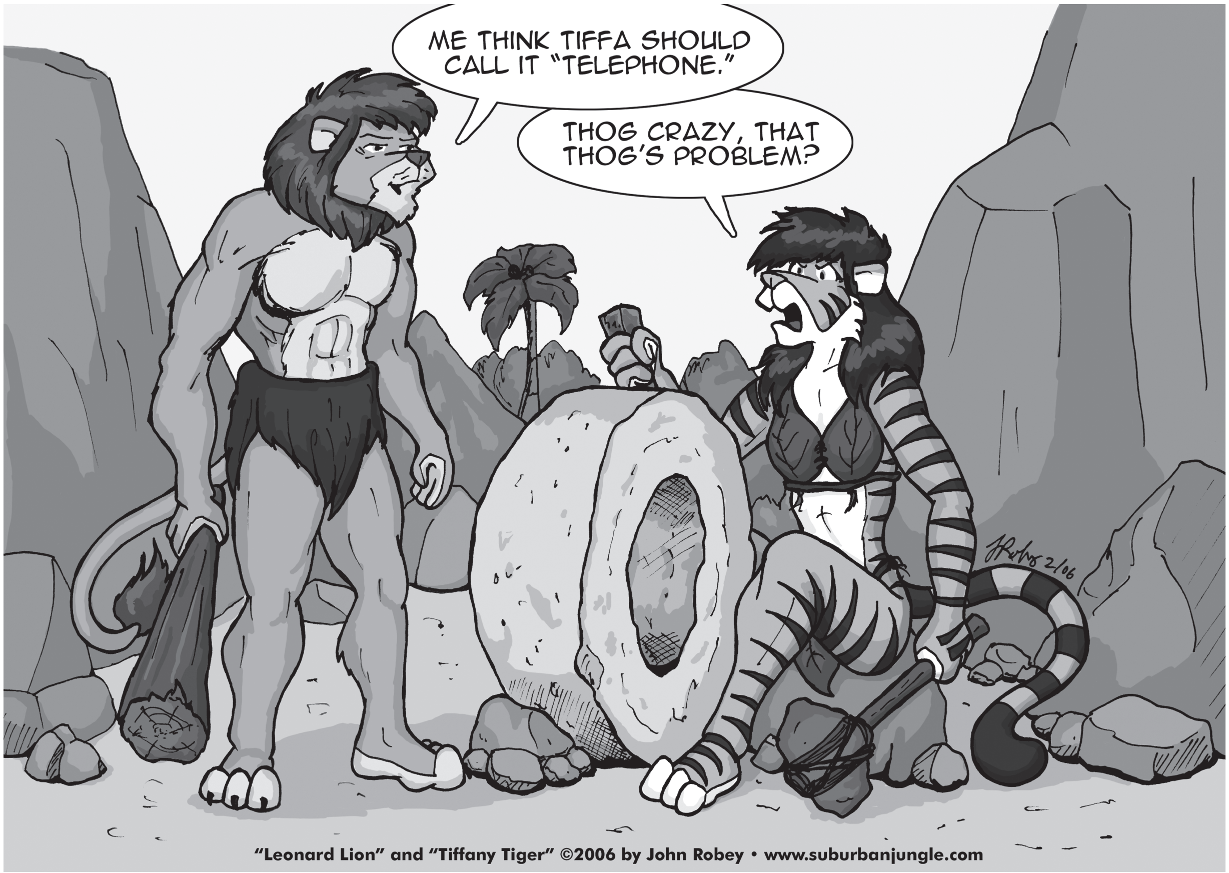
© Micheil T. Murray


I think it's a Menu

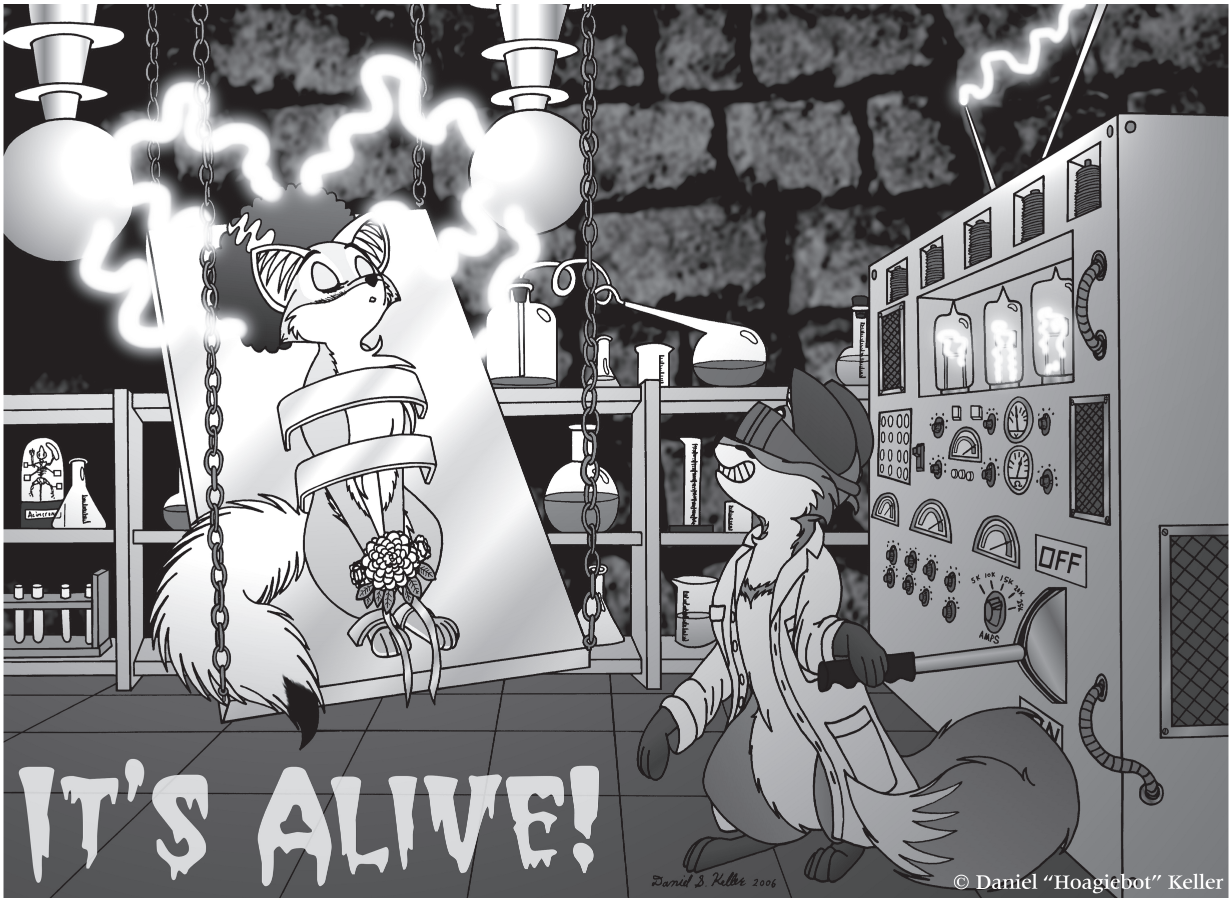
© Micheil T. Murray



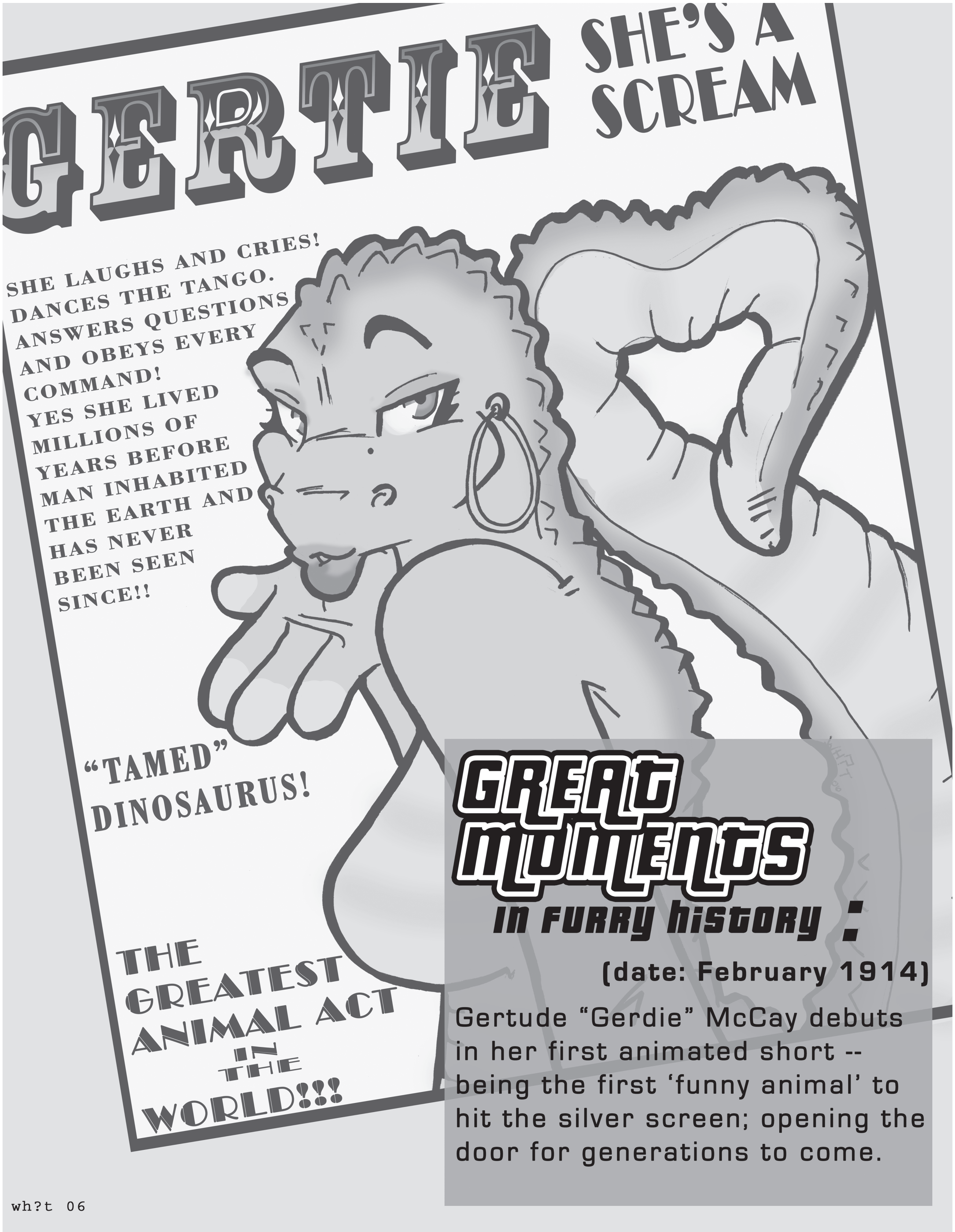
© IndigoAngelCat / Netasha Johnson


ME THINK TIFFA SHOULD CALL IT "TELEPHONE."
THOG CRAZY, THAT THOG'S PROBLEM?
JRobey 2/06

"Leonard Lion" and "Tiffany Tiger" ©2006 by John Robey • www.suburbanjungle.com


IT'S ALIVE!
OFF
AMPS
Daniel S. Keller 2006

© Daniel "Hoagiebot" Keller

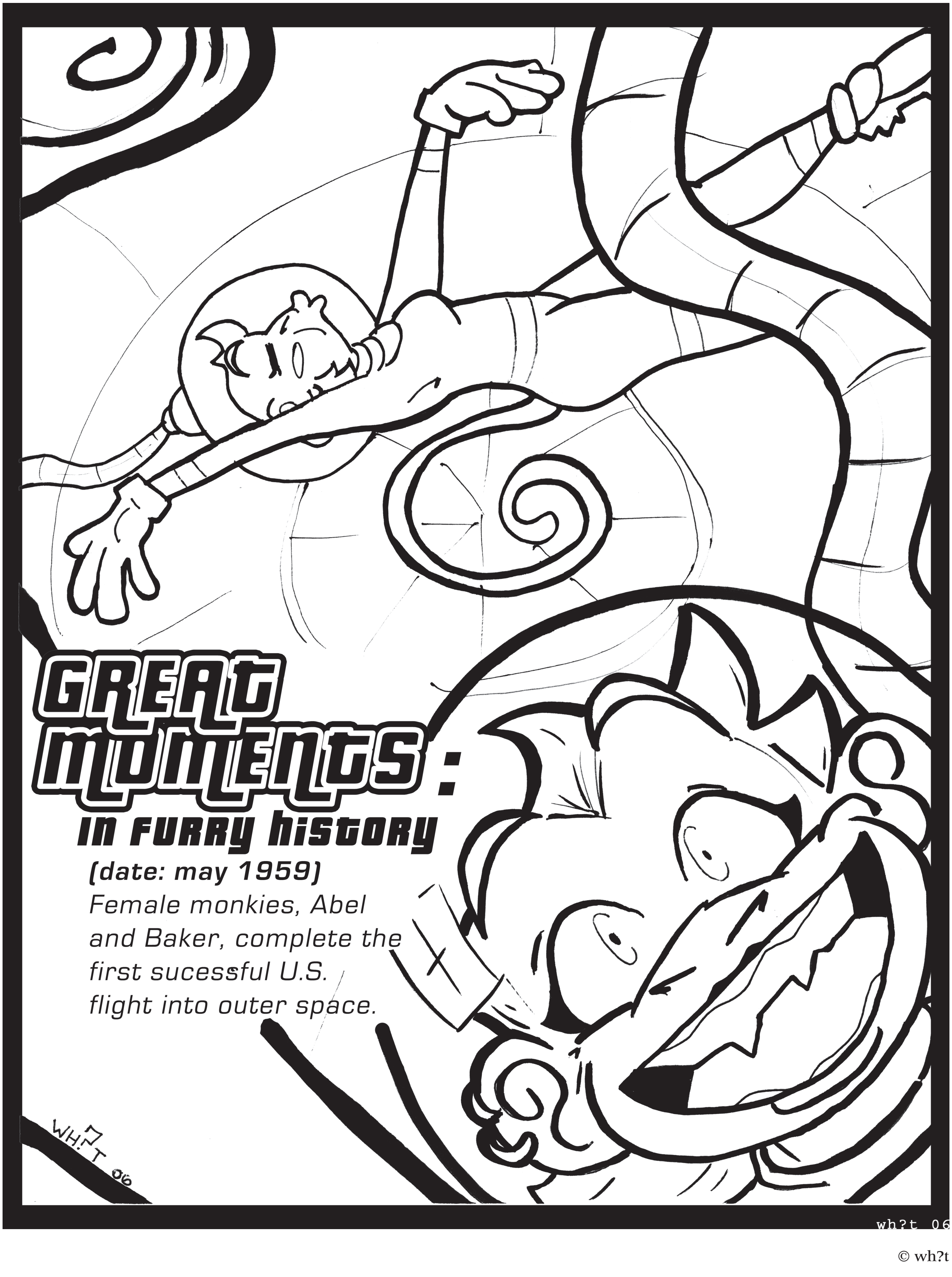

GERTIE
SHE'S A SCREAM
SHE LAUGHS AND CRIES! DANCES THE TANGO. ANSWERS QUESTIONS AND OBEYS EVERY COMMAND! YES SHE LIVED MILLIONS OF YEARS BEFORE MAN INHABITED THE EARTH AND HAS NEVER BEEN SEEN SINCE!!
"TAMED" DINOSAURUS!
THE GREATEST ANIMAL ACT IN THE WORLD!!!
wh?t 06

GREAT MOMENTS in furry history :

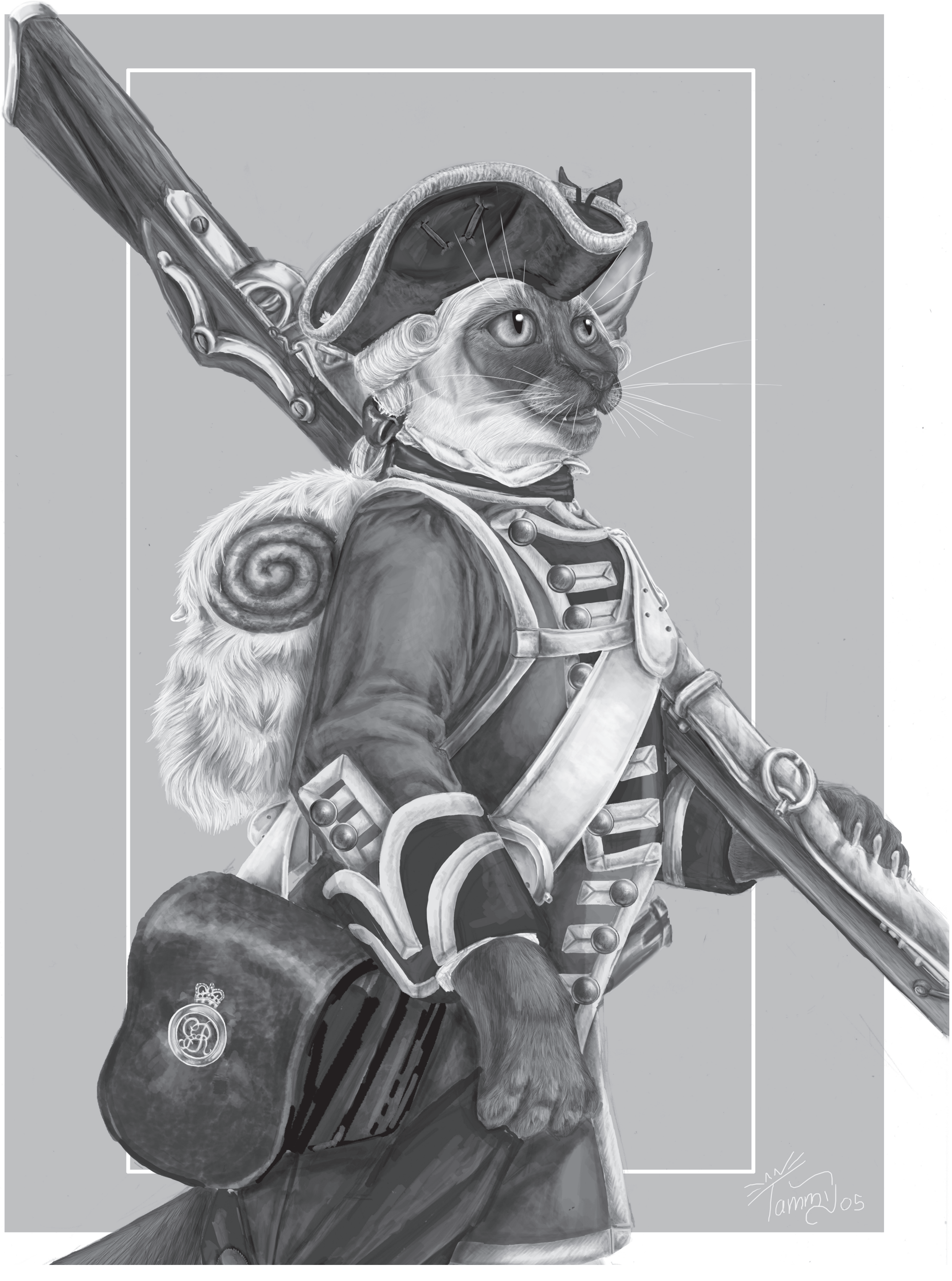
(date: February 1914)

Gertude "Gerdie" McCay debuts in her first animated short -- being the first 'funny animal' to hit the silver screen; opening the door for generations to come.

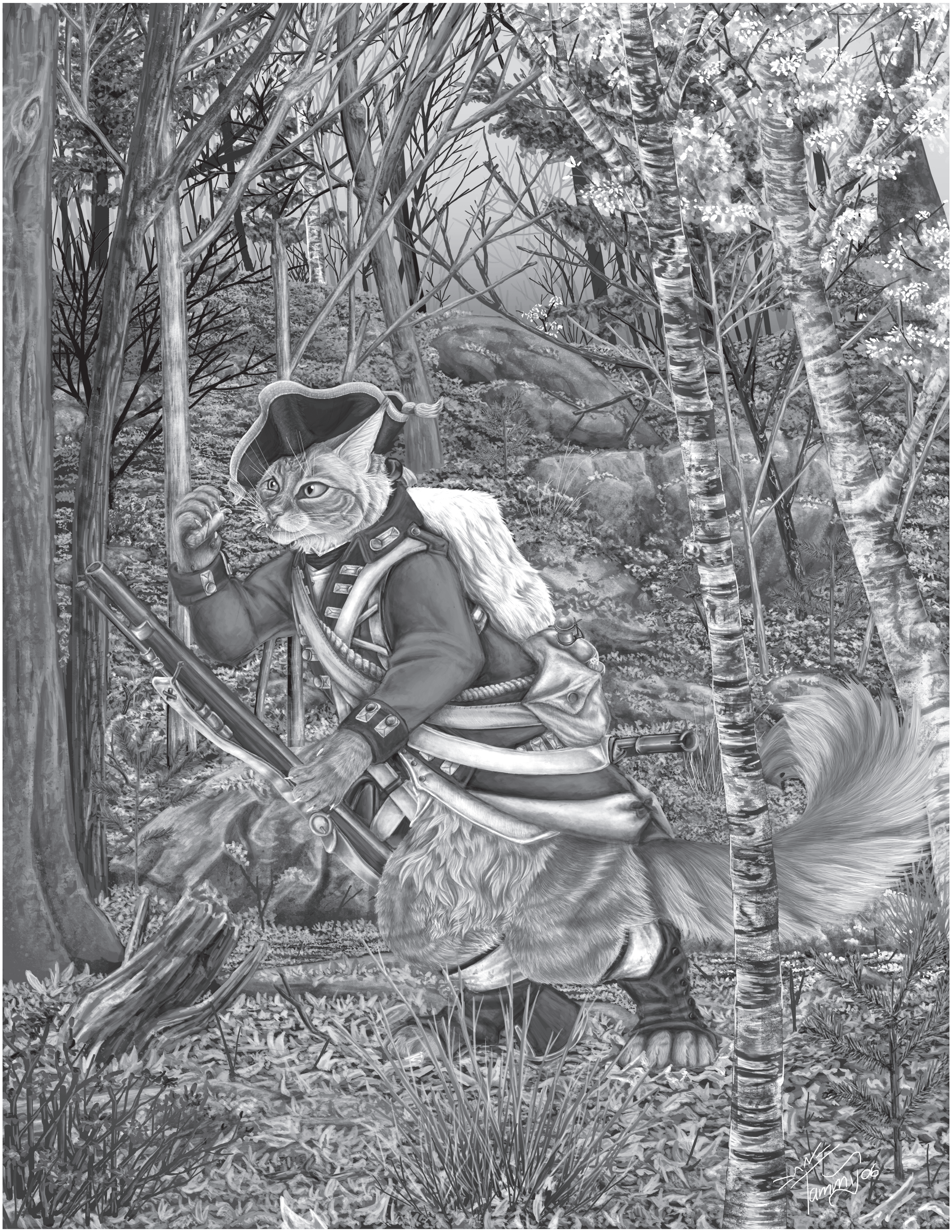
© wh?t


GREAT MOMENTS:
in furry history
(date: may 1959)
Female monkies, Abel and Baker, complete the first sucessful U.S. flight into outer space.
WH?T 06
wh?t 06

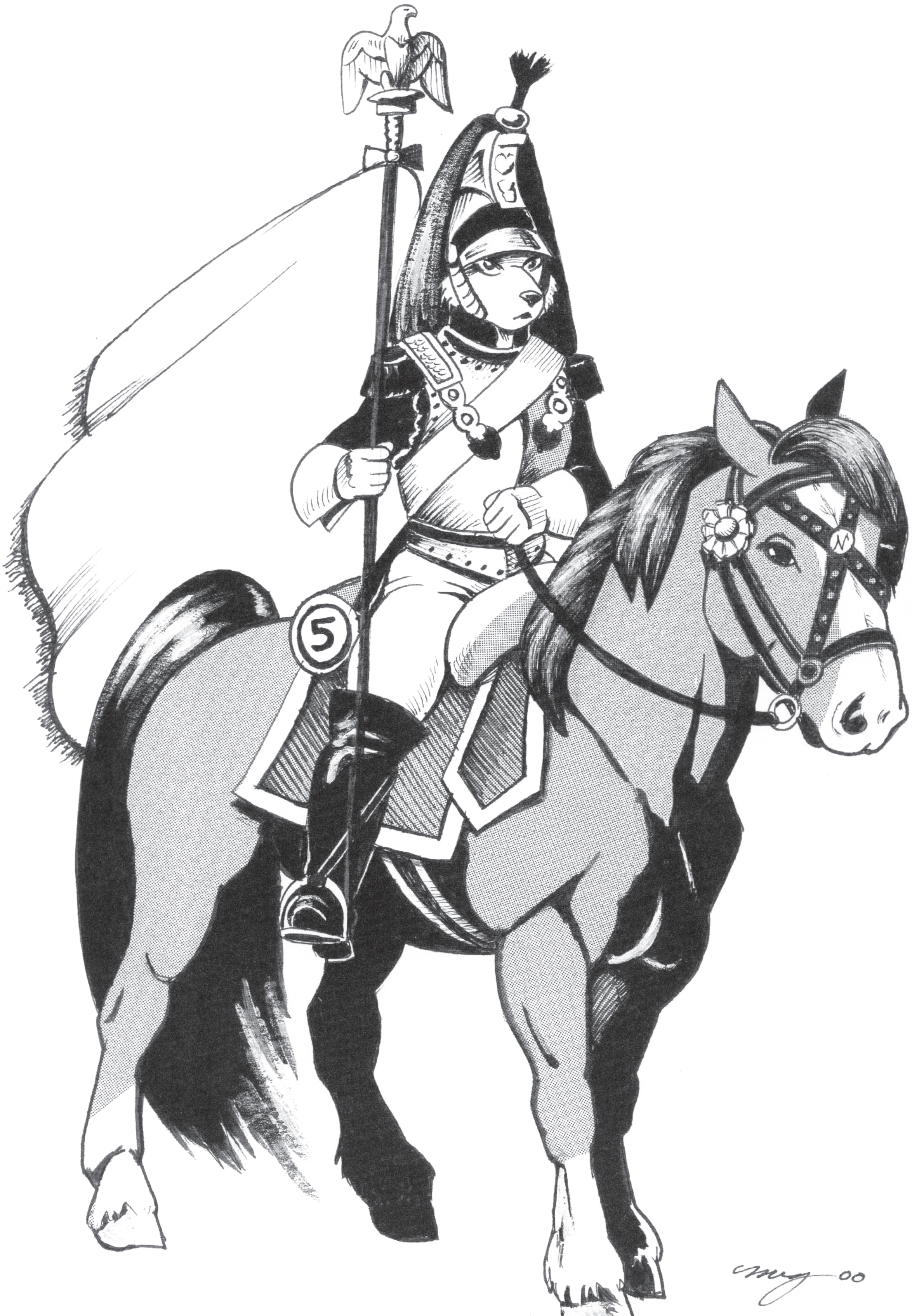
© wh?t



© Winged Siamese

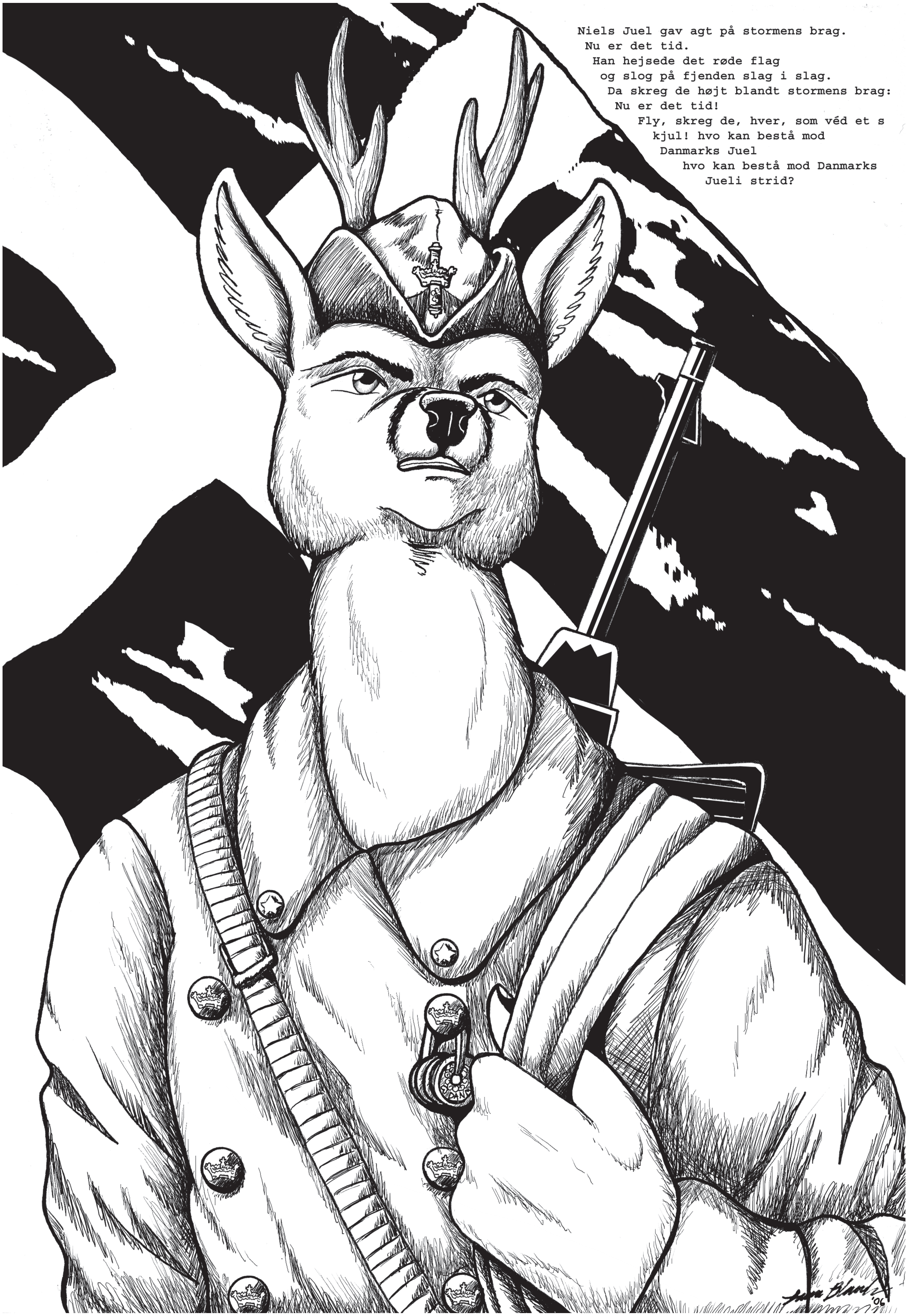


© Winged Siamese



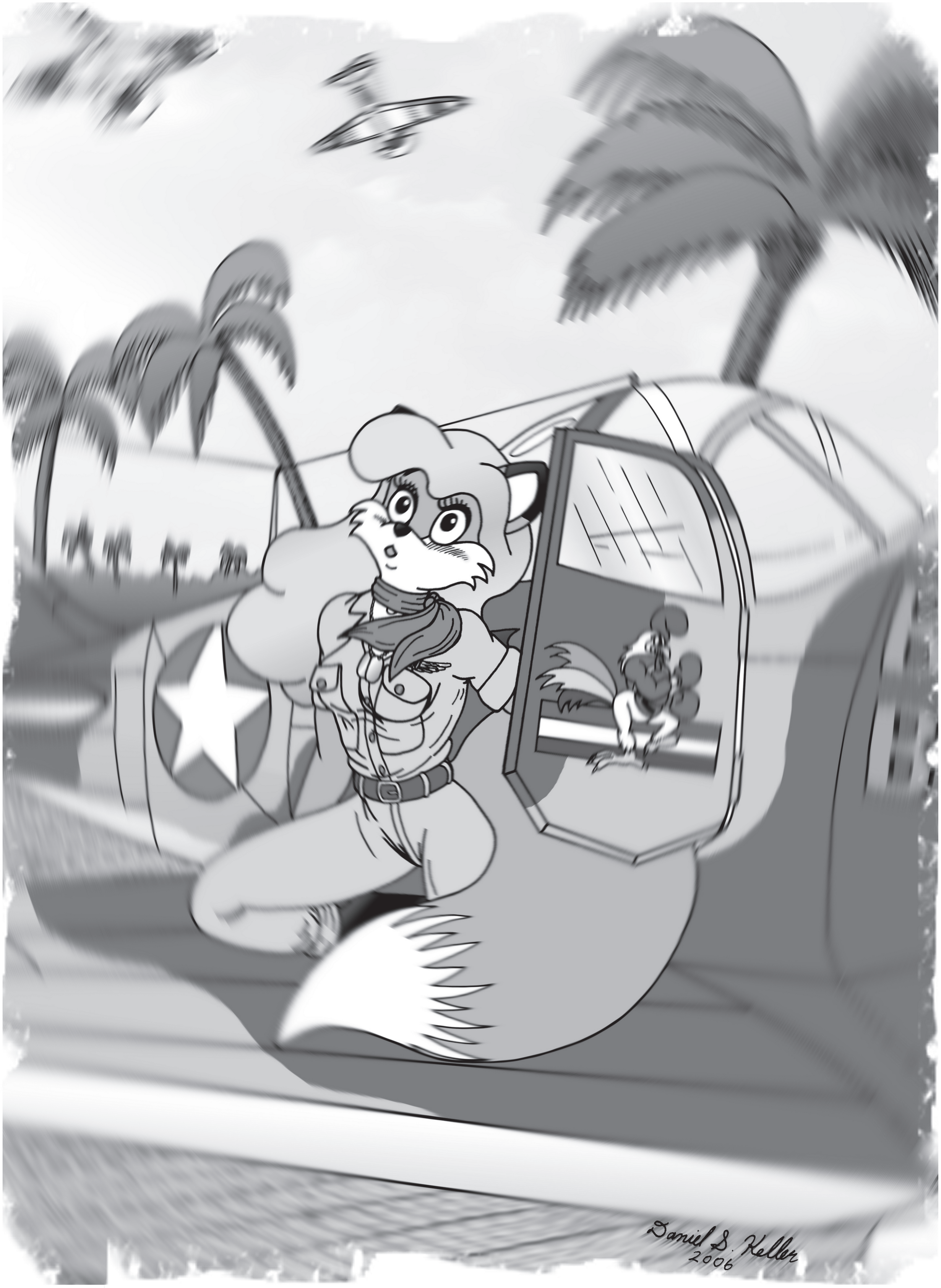
© Megan Giles

Making History



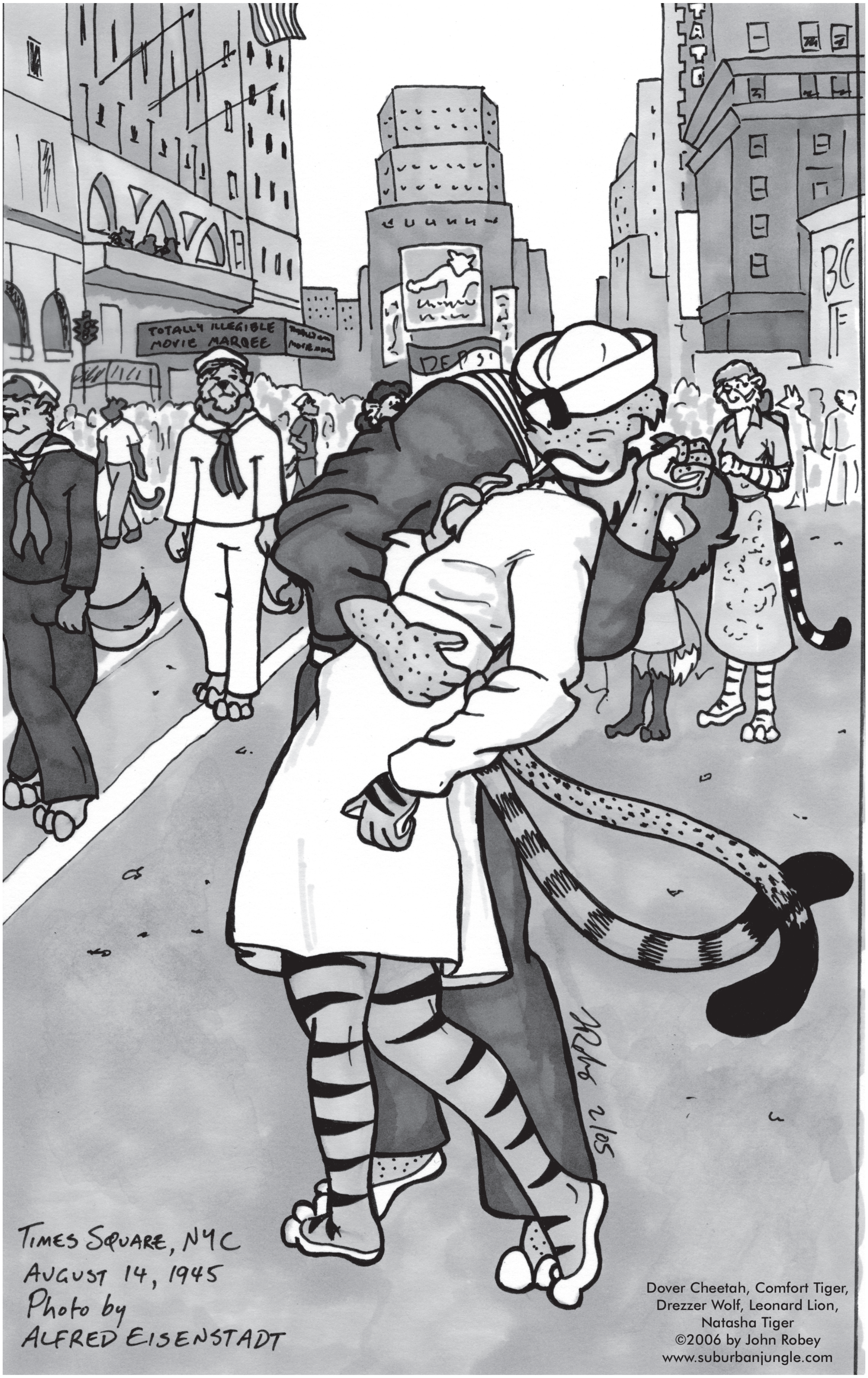
Niels Juel gav agt på stormens brag.
Nu er det tid.
Han hejsede det røde flag
og slog på fjenden slag i slag.
Da skreg de højt blandt stormens brag:
Nu er det tid!
Fly, skreg de, hver, som véd et s
kjul! hvo kan bestå mod
Danmarks Juel
hvo kan bestå mod Danmarks
Jueli strid?

© Laura "Longtail" Blacksin



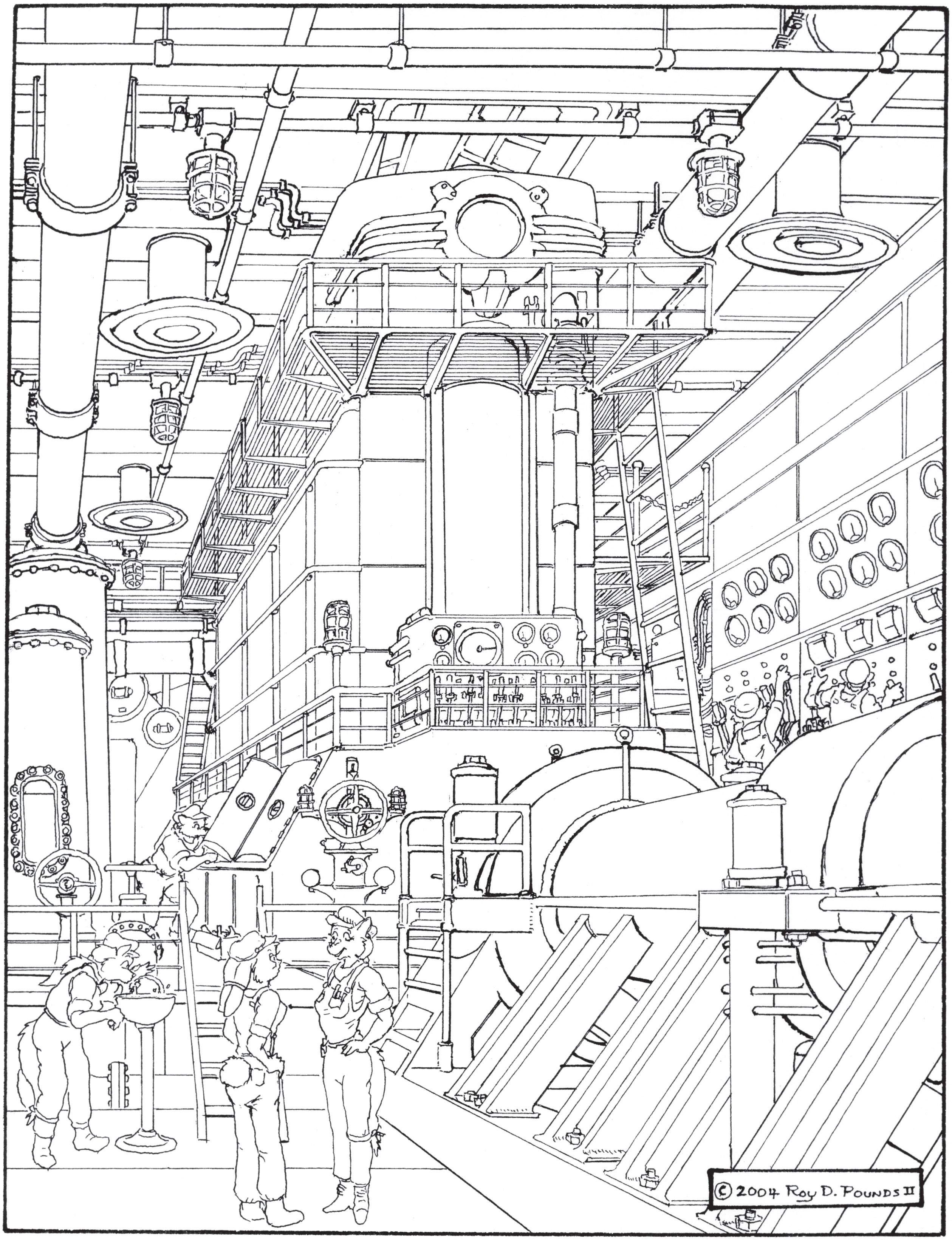
"We live in the wind and sand... and our eyes are on the stars"
Women Airforce Service Pilots (WASP) 1942 - 1944

© Daniel "Hoagiebot" Keller

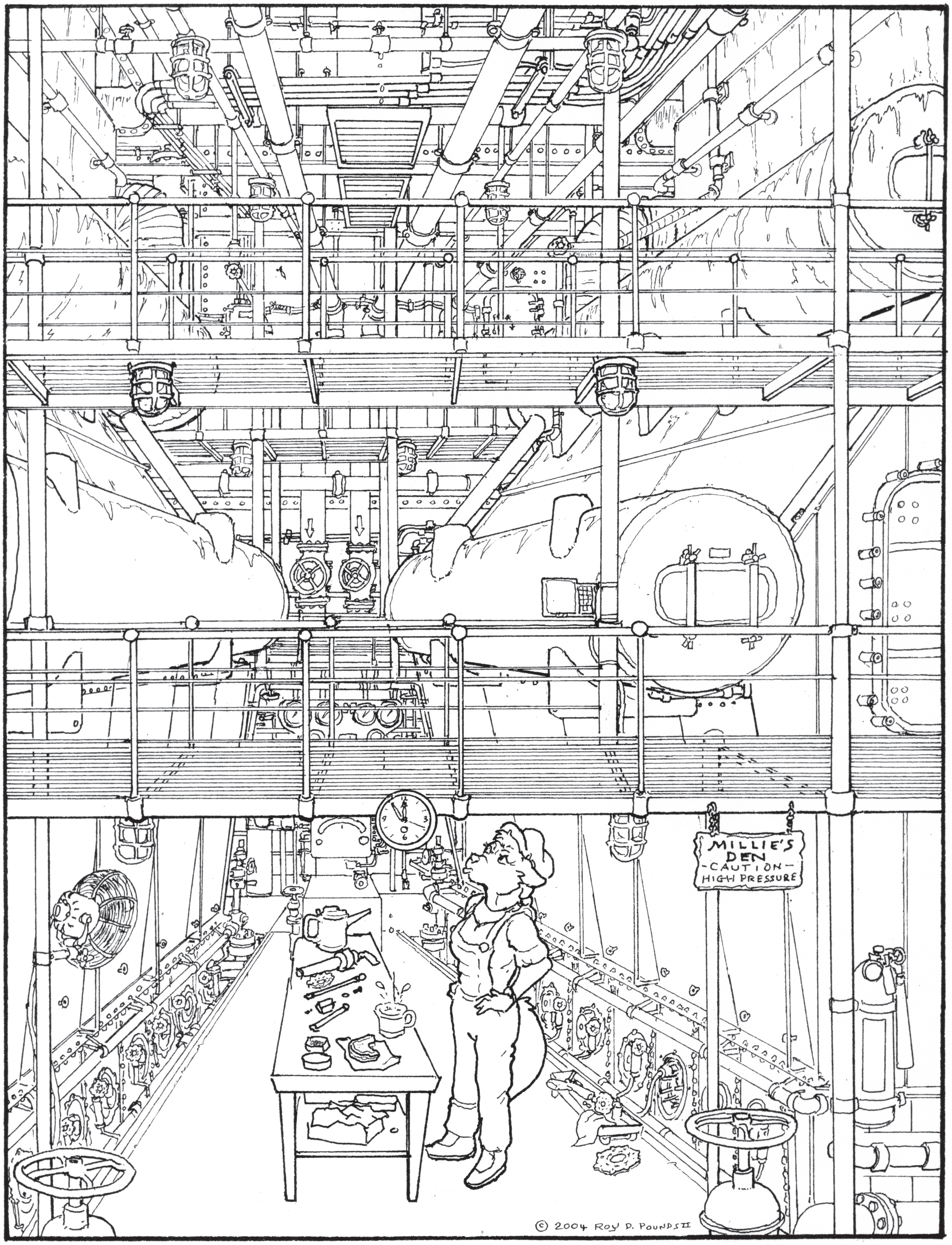

TOTALLY ILLEGIBLE MOVIE MARQEE
DEPS
JRobey 2/05

TIMES SQUARE, NYC
AUGUST 14, 1945
Photo by
ALFRED EISENSTADT

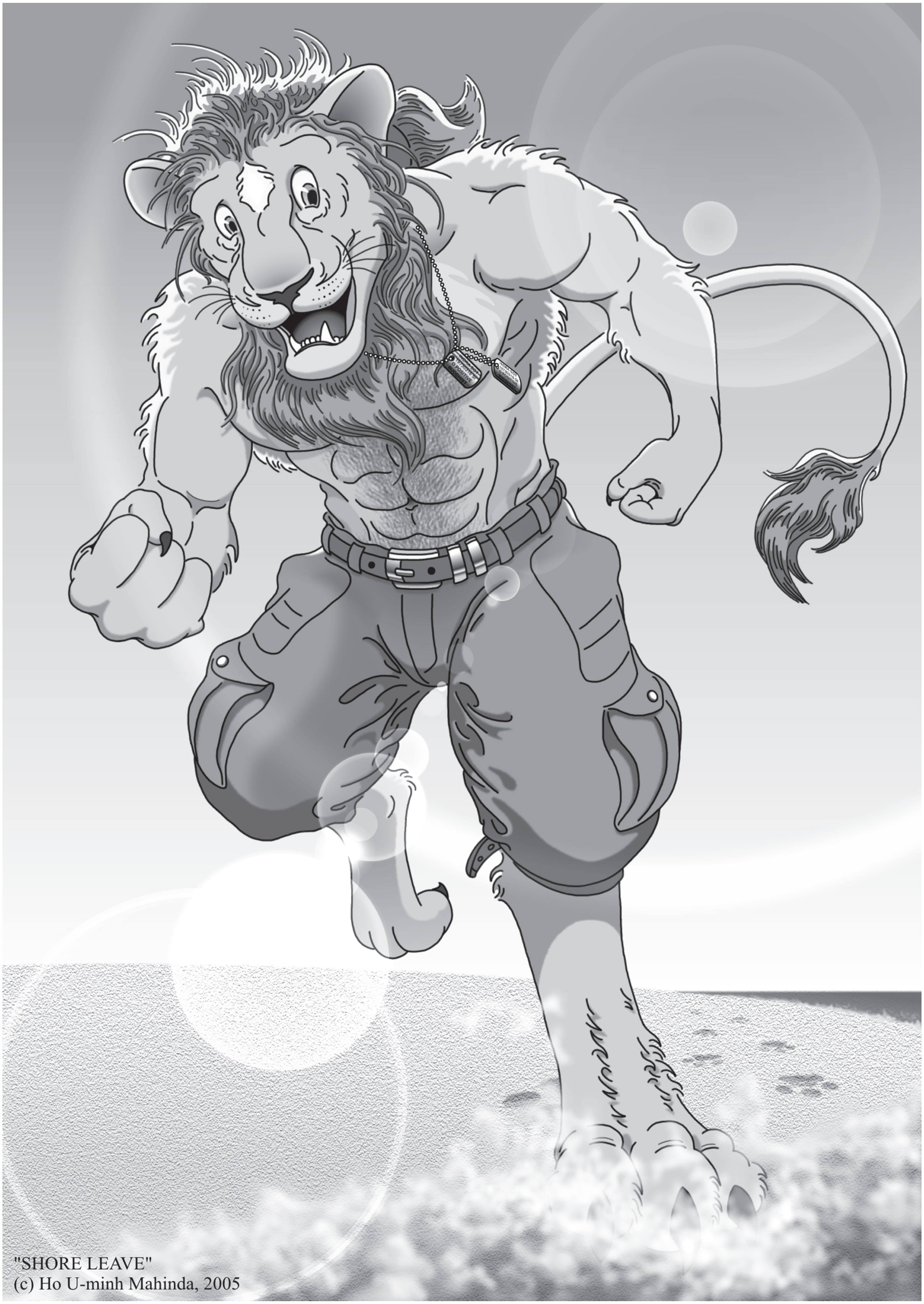
Dover Cheetah, Comfort Tiger,
Drezzer Wolf, Leonard Lion,
Natasha Tiger
©2006 by John Robey
www.suburbanjungle.com


© 2004 Roy D. Pounds II

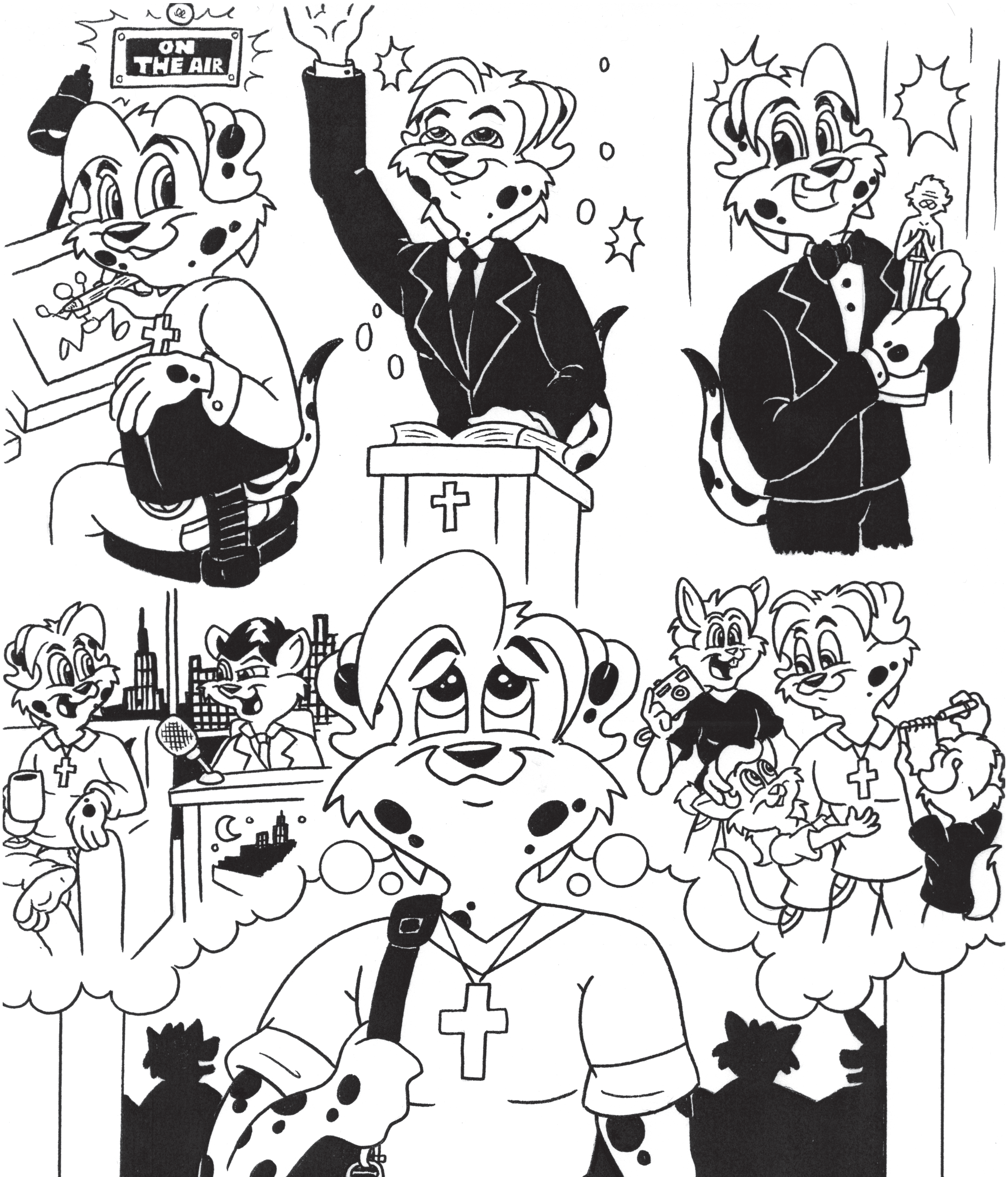
Fantasy Engine Room


MILLIE'S DEN
-CAUTION-
HIGH PRESSURE
© 2004 Roy D. Pounds II

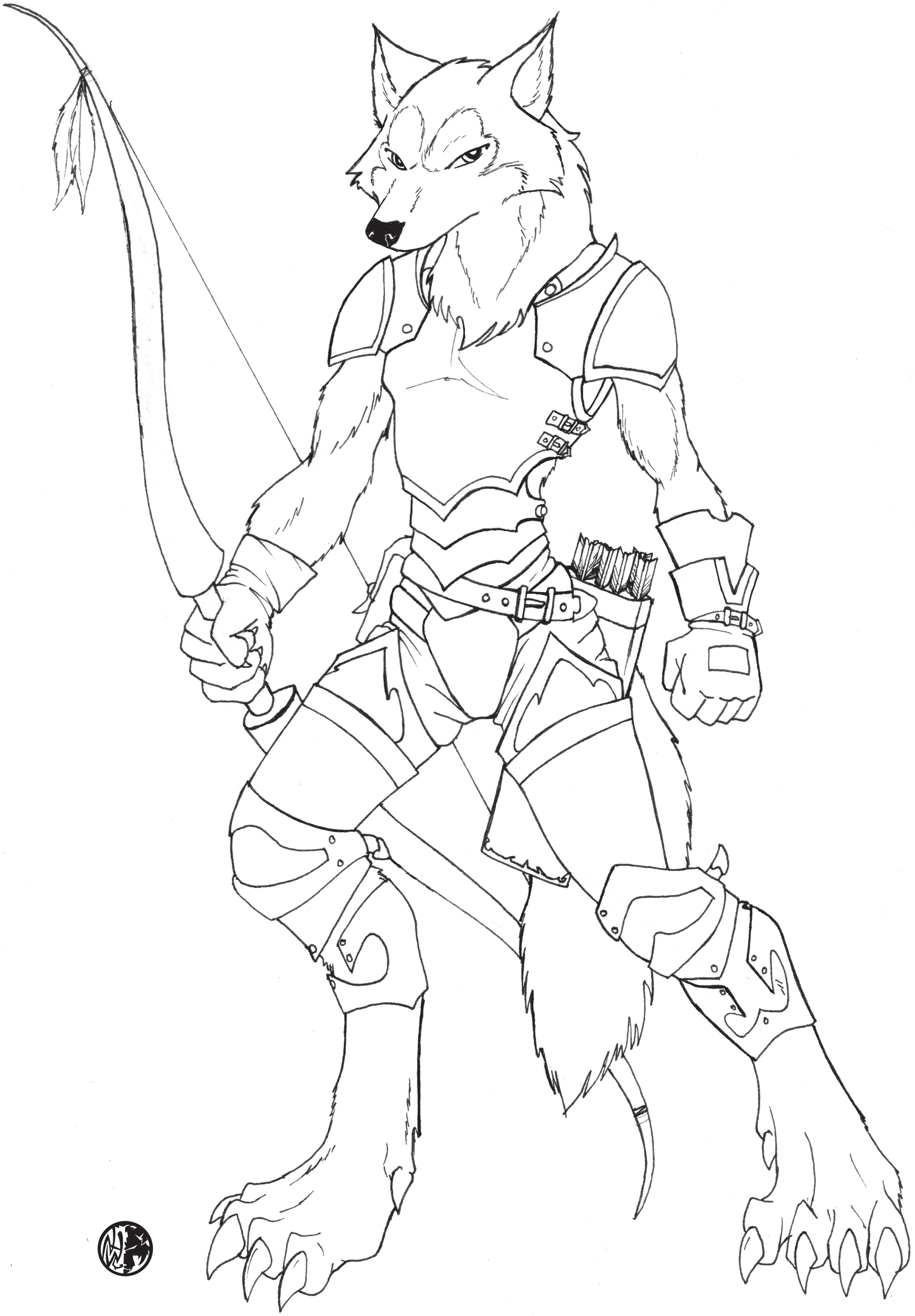
It took Millie five seconds to find the problem, and it took her five days to fix it.



"SHORE LEAVE"
(c) Ho U-minh Mahinda, 2005


ON THE AIR
Angel Blanco 3/10/06

© Angel "Sketch" Blanco



© Neil Weber

Anthrocon 2006 Standards of Conduct

The primary purpose of Anthrocon is for our attendees to have fun. To ensure that the greatest number of people achieve this objective we have established certain rules of conduct. By them we seek only to ensure that the behavior of any one small group does not disturb the membership as a whole, nor does it detract from the relaxed and comfortable atmosphere of the convention. Anthrocon welcomes all parties with an interest in anthropomorphics; however, the convention's management reserves the right to deny or revoke the membership of any individual at any time for any reason. This action may be undertaken in the event that an individual's presence or behavior causes significant interference with convention operations or adversely affects the organization's relationship with its guests or with its venue. Anthrocon also reserves the right to amend these rules at any time without prior or posted notice. If you have any questions, please contact the convention operations staff, and they will assist you

Anyone who accepts a membership badge agrees to indemnify and hold harmless Anthrocon, Inc. from any claim for personal injuries or other damages or equity arising out of any individual's activities at Anthrocon 2006, even if such injury or damage is caused by negligence by or on the part of Anthrocon, Inc.

General Rating of the Convention and Public Decorum

Anthrocon prides itself on presenting an atmosphere that is comfortable for anthropomorphics fans of all ages and from all walks of life, and Anthrocon members are expected to act accordingly. All convention areas are considered to be "PG" at all times, with the exception of events or exhibits that are specifically noted to be inappropriate for minors and access to which is monitored by Anthrocon Security staff.

Public displays of affection beyond what is appropriate for polite company are frowned upon. You will be asked to express your devotion to your significant other either in less conspicuous ways, or in private.

Shirts, pants/shorts, and footwear must be worn when in the lobby of the hotel, in the Convention Center, and in any restaurant. Bathing suits in the lobby or the Convention Center are not considered to be appropriate attire. Costumes (fursuits) are considered "appropriate attire" in all areas of the hotel and Convention Center except for the restaurants and the pool area, provided that the costumes are not unacceptably revealing. Costumes are not permitted in the restaurants or the pool area due to concerns for the safety of the costumer.

Attendees, when in public areas, may not wear clothing which is overly revealing or inappropriate to the atmosphere of the convention. The latter includes fetish-related garb and accoutrements. Collars are acceptable and are worn by numerous attendees as a fashion statement, but leashes attached thereunto are not.

Attendance by Minors

Anthrocon strives to maintain an environment that is safe and enjoyable for all members of all ages; we cannot, however, take responsibility for the actions of individual members, neither will we assume responsibility for those who are the legal responsibility of someone else. A minor, defined as a person under the age of 18 years of age who has not been legally emancipated from his or her parents, must either be accompanied at all times by a parent or legal guardian, or present a signed and notarized statement (available on Anthrocon's web page or from the registration department) indicating parental permission to attend unescorted. Even with such permission, minors must not attempt to attend any events intended for mature audiences unless accompanied by a parent or legal guardian.

In the past, minors have attempted to enter the convention under false pretenses or by forging documentation. In these instances, Anthrocon has no choice but to remand the minor in question immediately to the custody of the local police.

Weapons Policy

To ensure the safety of all those attending the convention, Anthrocon maintains a very strict weapons policy. These policies are enforced at all times. Anyone who has questions about this policy should speak directly to the Chief of Security.

No weapons or any item that can be easily mistaken for one may be carried either openly or concealed at any time in convention space, regardless of any concealed carry permits you may possess. Padded swords, bokken and similar striking implements used to practice swordplay may not be used in any convention area. Weapon replicas may be worn as part of a costume only at the Masquerade and during convention-sponsored costuming events at the discretion of the Masquerade Director, and must be cased or otherwise secured when being transported to and from that event. If you have any questions as to the permissibility of a prop for your masquerade performance, please contact the Masquerade Director prior to the convention.

An exception will be made for folding pocket knives such as Swiss Army knives provided they contain no double-edged blades and no blade longer than four inches (which would make them illegal to carry in Pennsylvania). If at any time these items are held or used in such a way that would be construed as threatening, however, they will be considered weapons.

Posting of Announcements, Flyers, etc.

Anthrocon provides a message board in a public area where members may post messages, place announcements for get-togethers, etc. Since the message board is in a public area, please do not post anything that may reflect poorly on the convention as a whole. The staff reserves the right to remove any posted materials that are considered inappropriate.

Do not affix anything to the walls of the hotel or Convention Center, including in the elevators. Hotel and Convention Center staff are authorized to remove any unauthorized postings on sight. Likewise, please do not affix any postings, or deface in any way, the directional signs placed by Anthrocon. These cost money and are easily damaged by tape being placed upon them.

Sales of Merchandise

The offering for sale of any merchandise at the convention may be undertaken only in the Dealers' room, in the Art Show and in Artists' Alley; in all cases the sale will be governed by the rules applicable to those areas. Please note that it is illegal according to multiple local regulations to sell merchandise or services in any area of the hotel or Convention Center that are not so designated. Such activities constitute "illegal solicitation," and may result in the perpetrator being removed from hotel grounds.

Personal Conduct in Convention Areas and Public Areas of the Hotel

There is no smoking in any portion of the Westin Hotel, even in the sleeping rooms. There is likewise no smoking in any portion of the Convention Center. Our hosts respectfully request that those people who step outside to smoke kindly refrain from standing directly in front of any of the entrances, as the smoke is simply carried inside.

Please remember that you are a guest of the hotel, and that there may be other guests staying or dining at the hotel who are not members of the convention. It is only common courtesy to maintain a level of noise appropriate to the time and place. We expect everyone to cooperate fully with Anthrocon and with local security personnel. "Disorderly conduct" may result in revocation of your membership, and includes any and all fighting, any inappropriate horseplay, or any actions that directly or recklessly cause undue disturbance or disruption of any convention or hotel function. This restriction also holds for the Convention Center.

No items of any kind, including paper airplanes, may be thrown or dropped from the hotel or Convention Center balconies or patios.

No water pistols, silly string, or any other projectile-type toy may be used in any public area of the hotel or Convention Center.

No sleeping in the lobby, the hallways, the meeting rooms or the Zoo. Get a room, please!

Requests for room amenities such as towels and pillows beyond the number that is reasonable and customary for a single room will not be honored. Kindly bring such extra items from home if they are expected to be required.

A very small number of individuals who have engaged in disruptive behavior in the past have had their membership privileges revoked and are not permitted to attend the convention. We ask that our members respect such a decision, which is always made after careful consideration by the entire Board of Directors. Deliberate attempts to circumvent this restriction by facilitating the transportation, housing or attendance by an individual known to be unwelcome at the convention constitute "disorderly conduct" and will be addressed in the appropriate fashion.

Attendees must not attempt to cross any barriers (such as curtains or stantions) without being accompanied by an Anthrocon staff member. Crossing such a barrier or otherwise entering an area that is off-limits to our attendees may result in suspension of your membership and removal from the convention

Anthrocon will for the very first time be working with a unionized labor force. It is important that we maintain a cordial and mutually-supportive relationship with the union. Any disagreements with hotel or Convention Center staff should be directed immediately to Anthrocon's Operations Office located on the third floor of the Westin Convention Center Hotel.

Harassment

Anthrocon is dedicated to providing a safe and comfortable convention experience for everyone. Harrassment of any kind, including physical assault, battery, deliberate intimidation, stalking, or unwelcome physical attentions, will not be tolerated. If people tell you "no" or to leave them alone, your business with them is done. Leave them alone. Do not follow them or attempt to disrupt their convention experience in any way. If you continue to attempt to have contact with those people, you may be removed from the premises.

Anthrocon is not responsible for solving any interpersonal problems that may arise between individual members. In general, we can take no action to prevent a person from attending the convention unless that person has made a specific and credible threat toward the convention itself. If you feel that a threat exists against your person, we advise you to seek a restraining order against the individual in question and to present it to the chairman in advance of the convention; otherwise, we recommend simply avoiding that individual. If that individual stalks, harasses, or attempts to assault you at the convention itself, you may report that individual to a member of the security staff and the appropriate action will be taken. Conversely, any attempt to have an innocent person removed from the convention by falsely accusing him or her of threats will be itself treated as an act of harassment and will be dealt with appropriately. The responsibility for settling interpersonal disputes lies solely with the individuals involved, and Anthrocon will not tolerate being used as a leveraging point in such disputes.

Substance Abuse

The sale or other distribution of any illegal or controlled substances is not welcome at Anthrocon. Any individual found to be distributing such substances will be removed and reported directly to the local authorities. Bottled alcoholic beverages may legally be given as gifts (but not sold by unlicensed individuals in Pennsylvania). Anthrocon asks that such beverages be consumed in the privacy of a hotel room and not taken into any convention function or function space. Please note an important caveat involving minors: Anyone knowingly or unknowingly providing alcohol to anyone under the age of 21 will be guilty of a felony and will be turned over to the authorities. It is the sole responsibility of persons serving alcohol in room parties to ensure that every person in attendance is over the age of 21, even if that person is not drinking alcohol. The Pennsylvania Liquor Control Board is extremely serious about this law and we ask our members to respect it.

Use of Video or Audio Footage and Media Relations

Anthrocon members are welcome to record their memories of the convention for their own personal use. Additionally there is a chance that Anthrocon members may end up with their likeness in the Convention highlights video or similar media productions produced by Anthrocon. To account for this and to protect members from exploitation by unscrupulous parties, the following rules have been implemented.

For the purposes of this section the term "recording" is representative of any media capturing medium or devices, audio, visual or otherwise.

Anthrocon, Inc. (hereafter Anthrocon) retains the rights to all recordings of the convention.

Individual members are allowed private use of any recording they have personally recorded at the convention. Public broadcast of a recording of any part of the convention is prohibited without written permission from Anthrocon. The sole exception to this rule involves still photos. Anthrocon permits (and encourages) members to share photographs of their convention experience on personal web pages. Video and audio recordings, however, may not be made available on the internet without written permission from Anthrocon.

■ Members may not seek out or interview other members for the creation of a publicly-available recording without written permission of Anthrocon, and must be escorted by a senior staff member at all times while on the premises.

■ Members may not portray themselves as representative of or use the name of Anthrocon in any recording (both at the convention or elsewhere) without written permission from Anthrocon.

■ Members may not offer for broadcast or distribution any recording that includes the imagery of Anthrocon without written permission from Anthrocon.

■ Members must agree that for any recording which includes the imagery of Anthrocon they assign ALL related rights, compensations and royalties from the usage of said recording to Anthrocon.

■ Individual members agree to assign without compensation the use of their likeness(es) at Anthrocon for the use of promotional material such as the highlights videos.

■ Any recording that is made by Anthrocon in a setting that offers a reasonable expectation of privacy (such as in a hotel-room or non-public party or area) will not be used without the member's written permission.

■ Parties interested in making recordings for public interest should contact the Chairman for further information.

■ Members are not permitted to film items displayed in the art show except with the explicit permission of, and under the direct supervision of, the Art Show Director. All cameras and other recording devices must be checked at the art show entrance. Anthrocon assumes no responsibility for checked items. Cell phones may not be used in the Art Show at any time. If you wish to make or receive a call, you must exit the room.

■ Anthrocon may allow certain members of the media to film and/or conduct interviews at the convention. These people will always be accompanied by an Anthrocon senior staff member. Members should not grant interviews with unescorted media, and are strongly discouraged from inviting such media to their hotel rooms.

Payments to Anthrocon

Please note that Anthrocon is a 501(c)7 nonprofit organization. As such, donations to the organization are not deductible from individual U.S. Federal income taxes.

Anthrocon is pleased to accept personal checks. Checks that are presented against insufficient funds, however, must be charged a fee of $30 per check. Anthrocon also accepts a variety of credit cards as payment. We will attempt to resolve any dispute involving a credit card payment to Anthrocon in an amicable fashion. Chargebacks (denying payment to a credit card company for a specific charge) that are made for the sole purpose of avoiding payment, that are made without sufficient cause, or that are made without first attempting to resolve the dispute with Anthrocon may result in permanent revocation of membership privileges and possible legal action.

Members who have an outstanding balance due to Anthrocon must settle that balance before being permitted to attend the convention.

Anthrocon cannot involve itself in financial disputes between individual members, and cannot divulge information about an individual member to any party other than to banking officials or legal authorities.

Miscellaneous notes

The standards of conduct for Anthrocon will be strictly enforced by Anthrocon security volunteers who will be clearly identified as such on site. Please remember that your con badges are property of Anthrocon for the duration of the convention, and must be presented and/or surrendered to any Staff member requesting it. If you have any problem with any action taken by a Staff member you may take the matter up with the Chief of Security or Anthrocon's Chairman. We shall make every attempt to be fair and lenient in the case of infractions, but we cannot tolerate behavior which threatens the peace and well-being of our members.

Anthrocon accepts no liability for events or actions by individuals in the confines of private hotel rooms. Anyone intending to host a party is strongly suggested to check for Anthrocon badges on partygoers, and to deny entrance to any person who is not a member of the convention. Responsibility for incidents occurring in hotel guest rooms rests solely upon the individual in whose name the room is rented. Please note that if Anthrocon is provided with sufficient evidence to suggest that illegal activities, particularly those that may cause harm to another person or to the well-being of the convention as a whole, will be taking place in a hotel room, we have both a civic and a moral responsibility to report such information to the appropriate authorities.

Please be reminded that these rules involve, of course, "worst-case" scenarios and are put into place to ensure the safety and comfort of our members. We anticipate no difficulties, as our members as a whole are rational and responsible adults. Anthrocon is prepared to deal with any or all of the above scenarios in as rapid and efficient a manner as possible should they occur. We thank our members for their past cooperation and for their continued assistance in making this a safe and enjoyable experience for everyone. Have fun - just please remember to be courteous of those around you while doing so!

Dr. Samuel Conway
Chairman, Anthrocon Inc.

The Dorsai Irregulars

The Dorsai Irregulars, or DI for short, is an organization of Science Fiction fans that provides volunteer services to Science Fiction, Fantasy, and Media Fannish conventions. These services include security, operations support, room and crowd control, art show operations, and auctioneering. The DI have been providing support services for Anthrocon since 2002.

The Dorsai Irregulars share a common love of Science Fiction, commitment to service at SF events, and trust in each other. The DI work as a "Crew" of about five to twenty-five on any given convention contract. Their collective persona is loosely based on the company of space mercenaries known as Dorsai, from the novels of Gordon R. Dickson.

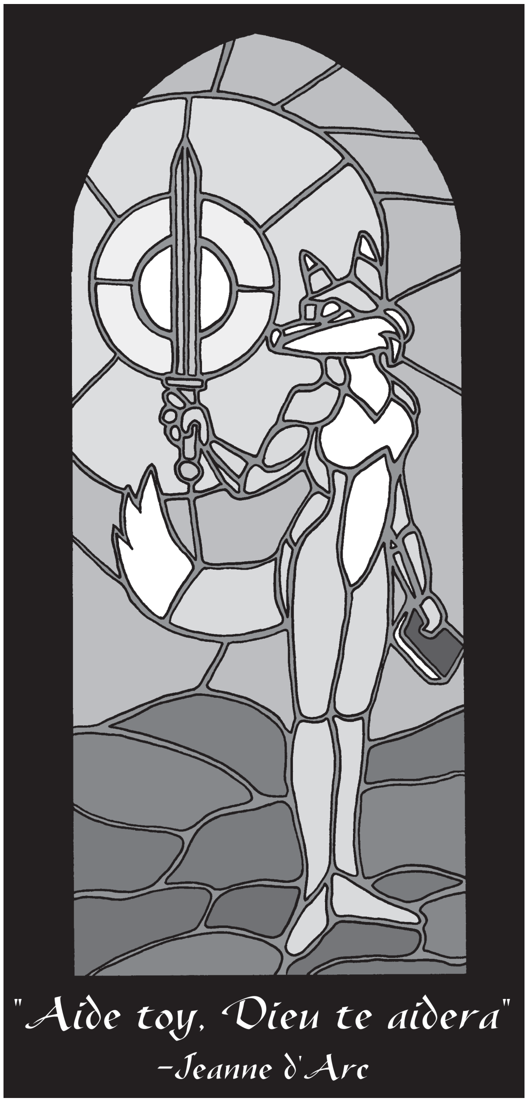
"How do I join?" is the question most frequently asked of the Dorsai Irregulars. The answer is, like the old joke about getting to Carnegie Hall, "Practice!" Membership in the DI is by invitation only. New members are chosen primarily from people they have worked with and who work well with the Crew; for their willingness to work selflessly; good nature; ability to think on their feet; sense of responsibility and ability to perform various roles in the organization. There is no official limit or quota on new members but the selection process is somewhat complex and lengthy.

More information on the Dorsai Irregulars is available on their web site at http://www.di.org/.

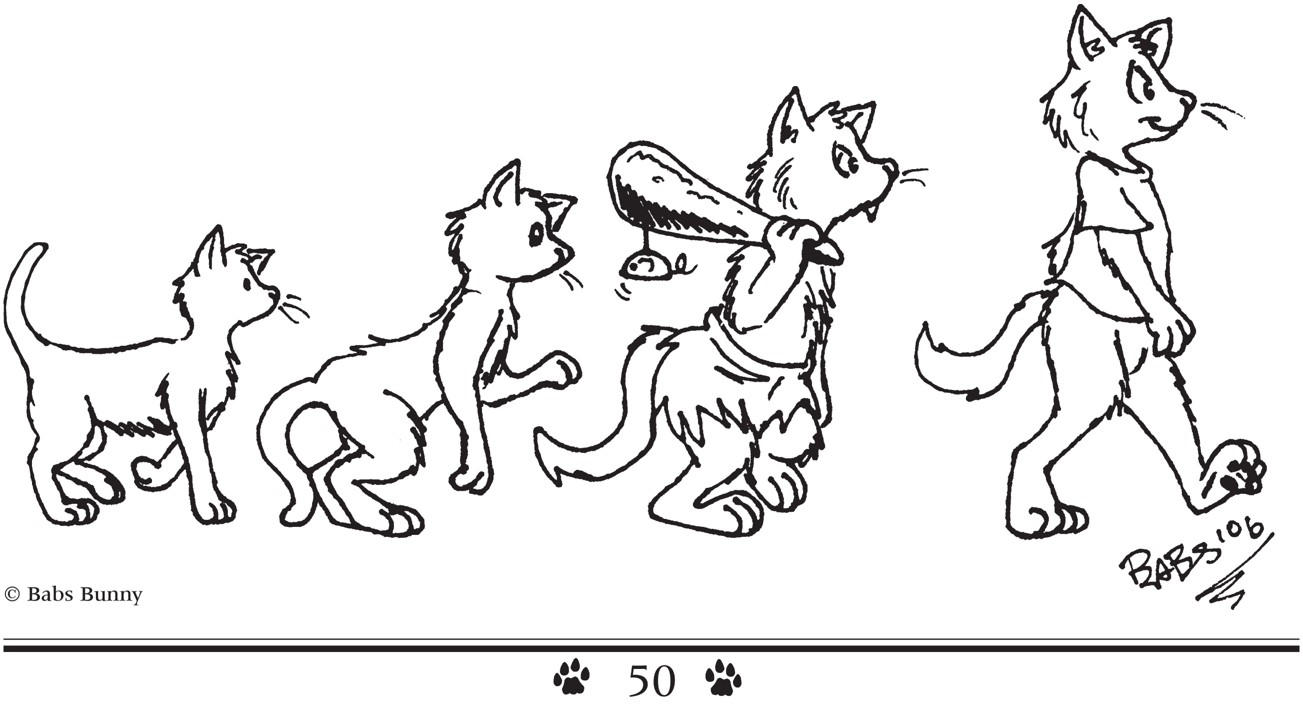
DI
SECURITY
Dorsai
G-RATED J. Groat Artwork
DI
D'05

© Wolfie Darkwolfie

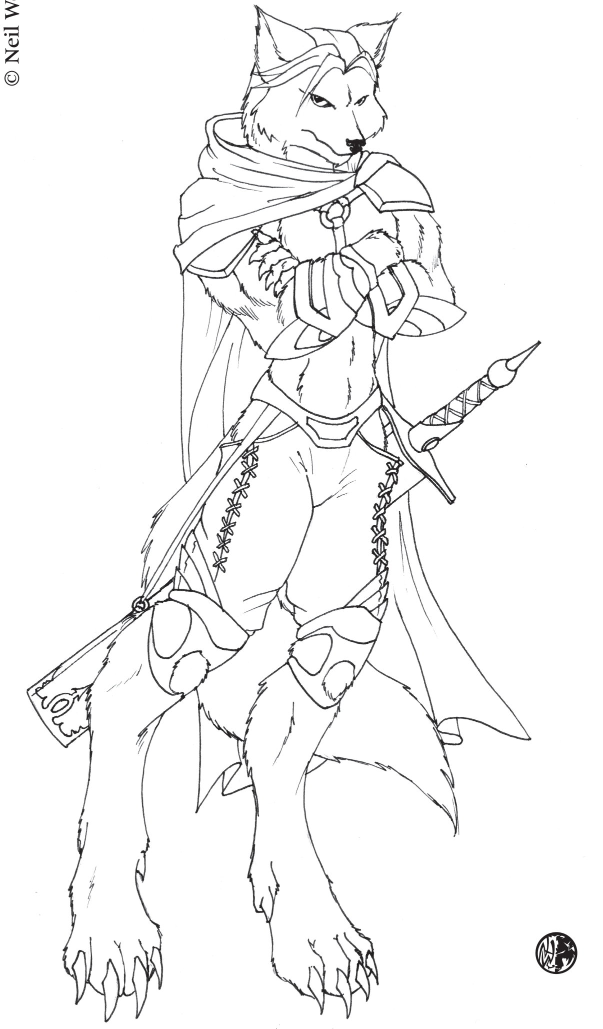
© Palladinthug


"Aide toy, Dieu te aidera"
-Jeanne d'Arc

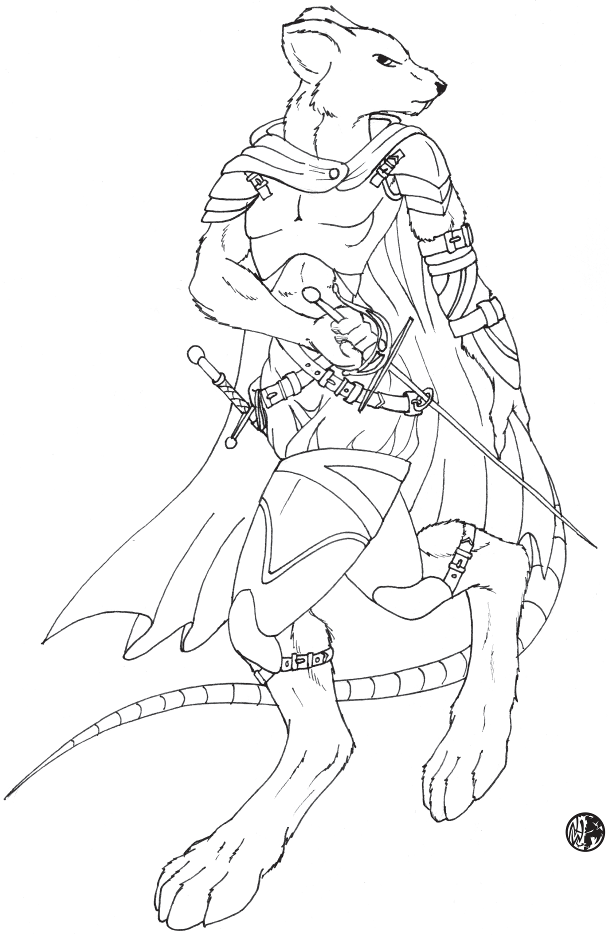
© Micheil T. Murray



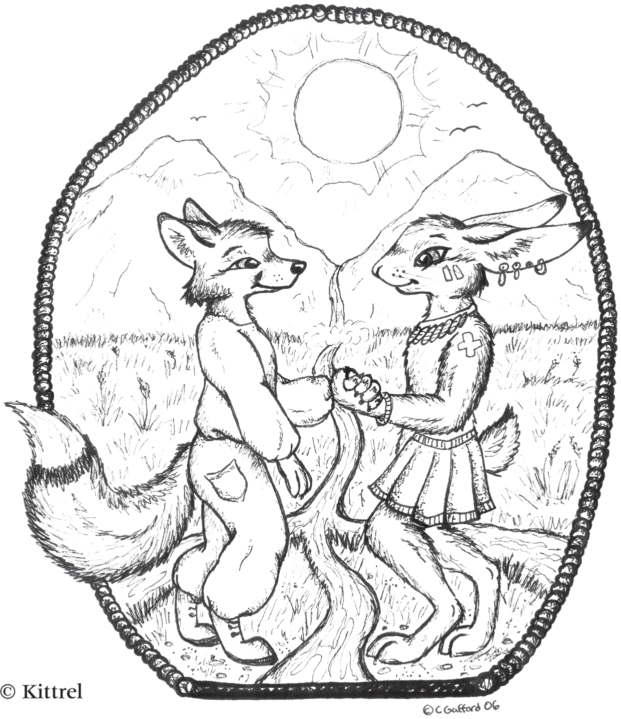
© Babs Bunny



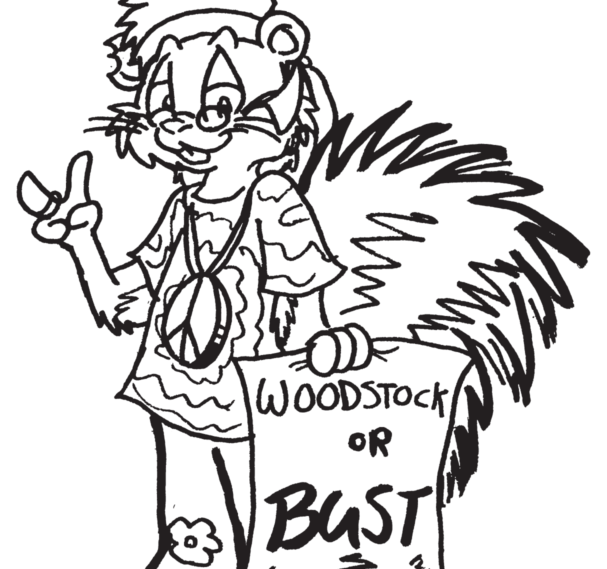
© Neil Weber



© Neil Weber


©CGafford 06

© Kittrel


WOODSTOCK
OR
BUST
BABS '06

© Babs Bunny

Anthrocon 2006 Staff Bios

AlphaWolf/Erin Washington
Dance/AV
Anthrocon attendee since 2000. Currently residing in the sprawling wild suburbs of southeastern Michigan, avid collector of totally useless computer bits and bobs, old console games, and B-grade movies. Most likely to be found playing World of Warcraft on the "Bloodhoof" server. If not there, then he's either subjecting cars to major repairs or sleeping.

Robert "Chiaroscuro" Armstrong
Registration
He's a mongoose most often, and can be found on FurryMuck and Secondlife, when not busy cooking at Foxwoods Resort*Casino. You'll find him often at AC in his chef's outfit. A shame he drove here, 'cause there's Snakes on a Plane!

Richek Bedlam
Registration
[No bio submitted.]

Michael Bellinger
Security
[No bio submitted.]

Blade, D.I.
Security
Blade is mostly likely a human-shaped Siamese cat, and claims to have turned one hundred on her most recent birthday. She is also Canadian, and short. Distinguishing feature: one gold fang.

Bookie
Security
This will be my fourth year attending AC (although I have been attending other conventions for as long as I remember). You may have seen me two years ago taking bets on which elevator would arrive first which is how I received my nickname. I'm a senior in high school, and will attend the University of New Orleans this fall majoring in Naval Architecture and Marine Engineering.

Tom Brady (Duncan da Husky)
Artists' Alley/Con Store
Tom is a chemical engineer by trade, currently working for a large pharmaceutical manufacturer in the Chicago area. He feels very fortunate that his partner, Takaza J. Wolf, puts up with him.

Gary Bratzel
Security
By day, Gary is an Information Security Engineer and cryptographer for a large IT company... by night (and most weekends), Gary is an active gamer, SF and comic fan, teaches IT Security, and works security at cons. Gary has been a Dorsai since 1997 and has loved every minute of it!

Dawn "Pixie Stick" Braun
Security
[No bio submitted.]

Steve Carter
Art Show
Steve is an illustrator, writer and musician. He currently works with disadvantaged youth in North Dakota.

Dr. Samuel Conway
Board of Directors (Chairman)
Known for no apparent reason as "Uncle Kage," Dr. Conway has been chairman of Anthrocon since 1999. He holds a Ph.D. in chemistry from Dartmouth, hence the lab coat which has become his trademark, but most Furry fans know him more as a storyteller, an auctioneer, and a writer of fanciful tales.

Wilma Conway
Artists' Alley/Con Store
Known as "Grandma Kage" in her role as the mother of the chairman, Wilma has been a driving force behind Anthrocon since she first uttered the fateful words, "Is there anything I can do to help with your convention?" back in 1999. You can often see her tending to the Con Store.

Sam Conway, Sr.
Artists' Alley/Con Store
Affectionately called "Grandpa Kage," this soft-spoken Southern gentleman is the father of the chairman. He can most often be found helping out at the Con Store. Be advised! His quiet exterior hides a mischievous sense of humor and a sharp wit that the chairman likes to believe is hereditary.

Kevin Corcoran (SpotWeld)
Art Show
Most of the time Kevin is an aircraft engineer, but he's been a fan of science fiction for pretty much all his life. It's not a surprise that he is working as staff at Anthrocon. If that wasn't enough he also runs the gaming room and New England's other furrycon, FurFright.

creature
Charity Auction
Mister Bad Example is back.

Danruk
Artists' Alley/Con Store
Lots of folks stop and think: "This Danruk kangaroo guy, he's done this before, hasn't he?" Yes, yes in fact, he has. Look for the kangaroo at the Artist Alley/Con Store registers. Say hello!

Darkclaw
Internet Room
Darkclaw has been helping/hassling Tigerwolf with the running of Anthrocon's internet room since 2000. A FurryMUCK'er since '97, Darkclaw can still be found there today, snuffling around for much-needed Wolf_Snax(tm). A regular visitor to the USA, Darkclaw resides in Skegness, England.

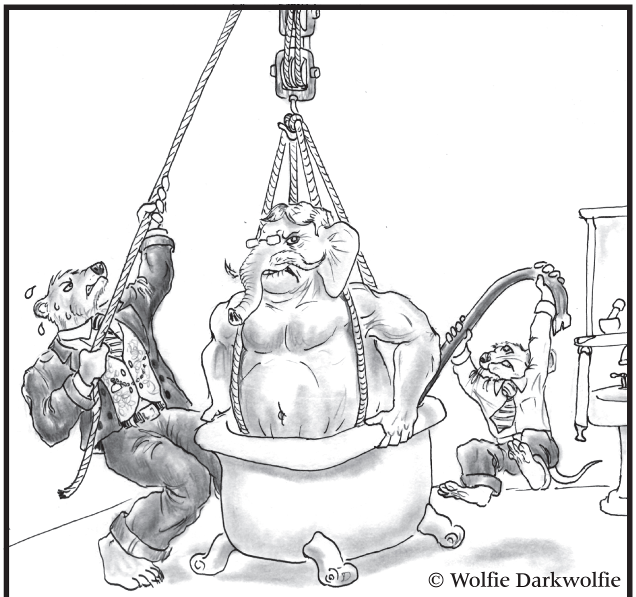
Wolfie Darkwolfie
Publications
Wolfie is an artist, writer, actor, musician from Hasslechusetts. He's been on ConBook staff for several years now, and his touches can be seen in the graphics and blurbs. He's still quite attached to a certain sweet polar-bearess. His affinity for cheese remains stonily resolute.

DataHawk
Dealers' Room
Girlfriend of The Hotness (tm) what else is there? Been in fandom for years. Been going to con for years. You may have seen her. If you haven't seen her, you've certainly heard her.

DaveQat
Artists' Alley/Con Store
[No bio submitted.]

Decker
Operations
"Of all God's creatures there is only one that cannot be made the slave of the lash. That one is the cat. If man could be crossed with a cat it would improve man, but it would deteriorate the cat." —Mark Twain

Devin
Dealers' Room
I am very pleased to be attending AC for the very first time this year. If you attend MFF you may remember me as a member of the Security Staff otherwise known as "The Hotness."


© Wolfie Darkwolfie

1909 - At the time of his inauguration, William Howard Taft weighed over 300 pounds, and frequently became stuck in the White House bathtub. During his presidency, Taft had the old tub removed and a new one installed that was large enough to comfortably accommodate four grown men. Despite his rotund size, Taft took the joking in stride; after Taft lost the election of 1912, Yale University sent a note to the White House to suggest that Taft accept a Chair of Law there. Taft replied that a Chair would not be adequate, but that if the University would provide a "Sofa of Law," it might be all right.

Digit
Publications
Mostly harmless.

Steve Discont (Theome)
Gaming, Programming
Theome has been involved in the furry fandom since 1997 (despite turning 21 this year). When outside of the fandom, Theome is a psychology undergrad at Ohio State University, and no, he will not be your therapist. He is an avid mascot performer, fursuiter, and SSBM player. Oh, and he's a raccoon.

Karen L. Dolley DI
Security
My first con was Inconjunction in Indianapolis doing an SCA demo. It stuck. Since then I've attended many cons around the Midwest, occasionally straying to other parts of the country for larger cons. I don't feel right unless I'm helping out. As for being a Furry? I love Disney, I love tigers, and I have a degree from Purdue University in Wildlife Management.

James "ShiroTora" Eden
Art Show
ShiroTora does a bit of everything: he makes funny buttons, he turns people into furries with face paint and/or photo manipulation, he writes furotic stories that he records onto audiocassettes or CDs and he takes requests for all of the above at james.m.eden@gmail.com

Evil
Security
I started in SFfandom in 1981 as an attendee. After that first convention I started running conventions and haven't looked back. I was inducted into the DI in 1993 and work as many contracts as scheduling allows.

Dale Farmer
Art Show
Dale has been volunteering at SF cons in excess of twenty years. He also works on the National Folk Festival and several regional folk festivals. His day job is being a theatrical electrician and AV tech in the Boston area, and had former careers as a computer network administrator and Navy Hospital Corpsman.

FireWolf the Folf
Dance/AV
Don't let the name fool you, I'm only a half a wolf. I've been in the fandom going on 7 years, I know I am horribly old. This would be my 2nd AC, 5 cons total. I'm a MiFur at heart even though I had to move back home to Utah. Letting you guys know I miss you! Hmm, I certainly cannot forget my wonderful mate ThomasMink, I love you hon. Yeah I suck when it comes to talking about myself. Just stop by AV and say hi if you know me. :P

Falbert Forester
Art Show
Falbert has been emerging occasionally from the Northern Maine woods to attend AnthroCon for a number of years now. After having been seduced into joining the Art Show volunteers (see the pretty pictures!) he's now part of the Art Show Staff, and is looking forward to AC2006 as being a new experience in a new venue.

Furp
Operations
Insane, inane and methodical, he's at it again. A dragon with a penchant for self-inflicted staffing, he's back in that wonderful world of operations. In between staffing cons he's decided to take a nice restful vacation in a small and padded room with delightful yet stylish jackets with sleeves a touch too long. And remember, don't tap on the glass, the animals scare easily.

Gizmo_nine
Art Show
Stumbling across the furry fandom in the 90's, he instantly fell in with the crowd. Formerly a resident of the NARFA cube, he now lives in his home state of Maine where he hopes to some day start his own business and become an accomplished artist.

Carol Gobeyn, DI
Security
I have been a Science Fiction fan for many years. This led me to membership in the Dorsai Irregulars where I am a member of the Board of Directors. I am married to Renegade, head of Anthro security and mother of four wonderful daughters, including the infamous "Bookie" and the cutest Granddaughter in the world. Currently we reside in Slidell, LA.

Marnie Gucciard
Security
[No bio submitted.]

Mike "Gooch" Gucciard
Security
Minion of the Evil Empire, and friend to the DIShai Dorsai!

John "Bear" Hall D.I.
Security
John Hall, better known as "Bear," has been a member of the Dorsai Irregulars since 1988. He is a past Director of that organization, and is currently the publisher of their newsletter. He has been active in science fiction convention fandom since 1976. As an art auctioneer he has worked many conventions, including four World Science Fiction Conventions. His introduction to anthropomorphic fandom was at Anthrocon in 2002.

Joanne Hall
Security
I've been attending SF cons for decades now (scary that I can say that) and still enjoy them immensely. I've helped out in Art Shows and Consuites, and these days find myself doing some convention security with that fine bunch of folks, the Dorsai Irregulars. Stop by and say hi sometime!

Halina K. Harding, D.O.D.I
Security
Halina has been a D.O. since 1987 when she gradutaed from Michigan State Osteopathic School, she has been a DI since she was beanied in her bathtub in 1996. She has been working cons one way or another since 1978. She is the Director of an FP Residency program, the Chair of her department, enjoys helping other con staff

feel better with OMT and still looks pretty good in leather even though she is almost 46.

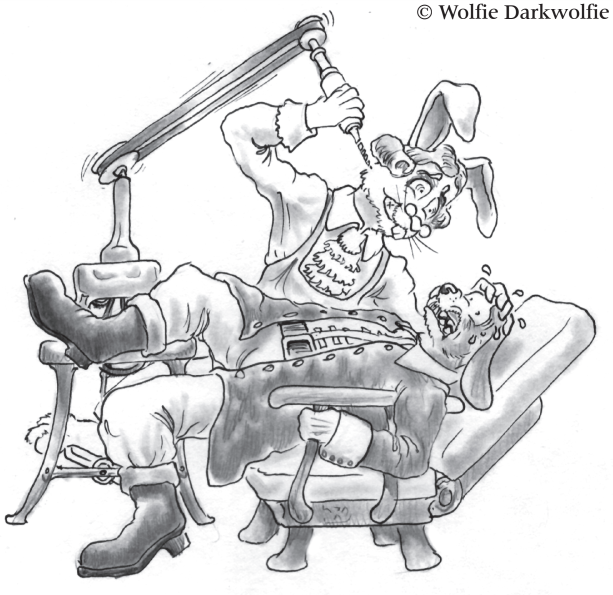
Brian Harris
Board of Directors (Charity Auction, Masquerade)
Brian Harris, originally from Rochester, NY, has been active in the anthropomorphic fandom community since 1992. He helped found Anthrocon in Albany, NY when he was a student at SUNY Albany and now resides in Leesburg, VA. He has run the Anthrocon Charity Auction for 9 years, the Masquerade for 8 years, and this will be his sixth year as DJ.

Jason Holmgren
Publications
Jason Holmgren first started as a cartoonist for *Shadis* Magazine. His cartoon, "Joe Genero: Adventures of the Average Man," first ran in 1990. In 1998, Jason Holmgren co-founded Sanguine Productions and a year later produced *Ironclaw: Anthropomorphic Fantasy Role-Play*. The *Ironclaw* game astounded audiences with its dynamic play, detailed story, commitment to research, and artistic production values. Jason continued to raise the bar on such later projects as *Jadeclaw*, *Albedo: Platinum Catalyst*, and *Usagi Yojimbo*.

Steven (Simba Lion) Hopps
Board of Directors (Dance/AV)
Steve has been secui of furry fandom parumper decade. Is eram funis in volunteering pro Anthrocon unus oriens, quod couldn't instar sicco quam ut subsisto questus magis officium. Typically is writes illa bios in a leviculus formo, tamen is annus is certus ut effrego ex institutio quod exsisto plene serius super is.

Ken Huckle (Anthro Wolf)
Art Show
The wuff is back! And yes, he often wears black. :D Anthro Wolf is returning for his second year of staffing for Anthrocon now. He has been apart of the furry community since the late '90s and enjoys it. Friendly and approachable, if you see him wondering around, feel free to say hi.

Kay Jarrell
Security
Assigned to read Ray Bradbury's *Dandelion Wine* in 7th grade, I went to the library to get more Bradbury. The movie of Isaac Asimov's Fantastic Voyage had been released, so I started reading at "A." I've been at it ever since. I packed the Cat tail & ears I made for a theater class project in 1972. I thought it would be nice to blend in a bit...


© Wolfie Darkwolfie

1790 - Dentist to George Washington, John Greenwood invents the "dental foot engine," adapting his mother's foot-treadle spinning wheel to rotate a drill. Unfortunately, nitrous oxide, though discovered only three years later, wasn't used as an anesthetic until 1864, and Novocaine was not invented until 1905.

JenniSkunk
Programming
A self-taught game progammer now lucky enough to have found someone gullible enough to pay him for it. Been in the furry world since '94 and games since the beginning of time.

Karl Jorgensen (Xydexx Squeakypony)
Board of Directors (Publications)
Karl has been active in furry fandom since 1993. An Anthrocon attendee since its beginning in 1997, this is his third year as Publications Director. Karl resides in Leesburg, VA, where he spends his free time exploring abandoned buildings and riding his recumbent bicycle. He maintains the Anthrofurry Infocenter web site at http://www.xydexx.com/anthrofurry and plays the character Xydexx on FurryMUCK.

K.P.
Board of Directors (Programming)
Anthrocon's Programming Director is John "K.P." Cole. He currently resides in Orlando, Florida. K.P. is a fursuiter and puppeteer. He is a cast member on the Funday Pawpet Show. As a fursuiter, he has performed in many Anthrocon Masquerades. He is currently the emcee for the Masquerade and he also uses his talents at Orlando area charities. K.P. joined the Anthrocon Board of Directors for Anthrocon in 2005.

Kevin Kane (Leo)
Registration
Leo has been active in the furry fandom since 1997, and has been attending Anthrocon since 1999. He returns again this year to help out with registration, not having recovered from the mental defect that led him to help out last year. In real life he lives in Austin, Texas, nearing completion of his doctorate in computer science as a means of supporting his large, drooling cat.

Robert King
Dealers' Room
A long-time furry, Robert started his journey with SF fandomand discovered furry fandom in 1987. He went to Confurence 2 and was inspired to start the Duckon furry track. Robert has worked on Worldcons, Windycons, and Costumecons. Robert founded Midwest Furfest when the Duckon furry track grew too big and he acted as chair for the first two years.

T. Klein-Lebbink
Security
People think that I am nuts when I explain to them for fun, I will fly across the country to be a volunteer and work hours that any union would protest. My feet hurt just thinking about it and I am greatly looking forward to seeing y'all at the con! —Tina

Lincoln "JBadger" Kliman
Charity Auction, Masquerade
I am a 45 year old Software Engineer from Long Island, a graduate of SUNY Stony Brook in 1983, and have been involved in different fandoms since about that time. I started to notice furry fandom a short time later as I started to go to "furry" parties and got a few catalogs from Mailbox Books from the days when Ed use to go to SF cons here in the Northeast. I also joined the staff of a few local cons, first as a volunteer and then as staff, mostly doing grunt work, setup or logistics, and I have been on the board of a SF con in the past. Currently I am on staff on I-CON (anthro at iconsf dot org), MFF and Anthrocon.

Syn (Jim Lai)
Artists' Alley/Con Store
Syn has been at every Anthrocon since it started in Albany in 1997. He's old. Syn lives in Chicago, where he is an attorney and a part-time martial arts instructor.

Heathyr Lamb
Security
Heathyr Lamb lives in sunny Florida with her family. For relaxation she creates stained glass panels and reads mysteries. For money she rules a kingdom of 10 acres with 90 serfs to do her bidding. The serfs complain constantly and this angers her far more than even a short person, such as herself, would normally be angered. Be warned.

Martha R. Linbo-Terhaar
Publications
Between meetings, waiting rooms, and school hours, Martha writes, edits, and publishes works of fiction. Last year, her erotica webzine received an average of 15,000 hits a month until the site closed due to server issues. Plans are currently under way to relaunch the site. A fan of anthro-fiction since childhood, Martha and her family also collect both modern artwork and vintage books.

John (Joatmon) Lindgren
Art Show
The Joatmon is still a large and burly creature due to his love of food and fear of exercise. He can still be found wearing silly hats and watching cartoons. as you can tell, I don't take life too seriously. It's too short!

Linnaeus
Artists' Alley/Con Store
Linnaeus lurked around the edges of the fandom for a number of years before somehow being drawn into working staff. He has been on the staff of Midwest Furfest, DucKon, and Anthrocon. He is the con chair for Midwest Furfest 2006, and at Anthrocon he will be helping out in Artists' Alley.

Cadpig C. Lion JR
Hospitality
Cadpig is a happy lion who loves going to cons and seeing all sorts of people. He enjoys drawing, online RP, and fursuiting in Bursty. He is friendly and willing to help when ever he is asked. Also has a severe case of loving snuggles, I think it is terminal. If you see him walking around feel free to say hi and stuff, he does not bite, unless asked that is.

Kaelyn McQuinn
Security
I am going on being a Senior at highschool. I take comminity college classes to become a chef. And I am the reigning DI DDR Champion (take that furry guys!)

Phaedra "Wyldekyttin" Meyer
Board of Directors (Dealers' Room)
Once upon a time, when I was very tiny indeed, my mother rolled a shiny ball across the floor in a vain attempt to get me to crawl. She then pointed out the cat would chase it, and I should too. I'm afraid that means that all this is her fault.

mojavewolfpup
Programming
Hailing from the high desert, this pup is back for 2006! Having volunteered his tail off for the 2005 convention, he is ready to assume responsibilities as staff! Expect to see him working most of the time in full fursuit, and don't corner him if you don't want a earful about his future 1986 F350 diesel and his plans for it! He also does web hosting for those that he thinks can benefit from it!

Moonfall, DI
Security
Volunteering seems to be an incurable disease, I've never managed to just attend a con. There is always something that needs to be done. Being a Dorsai Irregular has only made it certain that the disease is for a lifetime.

Cynthia Moreno (Maewest)
Hospitality Suite Manager
She who keeps the Supersponsors fed!

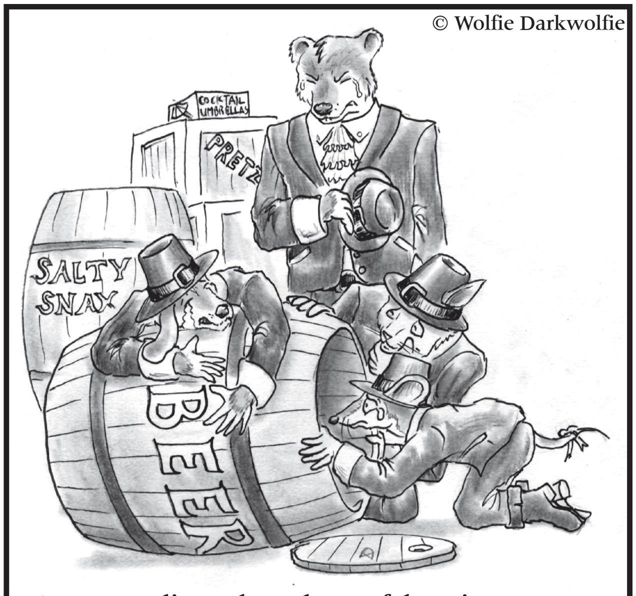
Mrianti
Charity Auction, Masquerade
Tries to help out. :)

Douglas Muth (Giza)
Board of Directors (Operations)
Attending Anthrocon since 1999, Giza is back for another year of working in the Operations Office. A Software Engineer working in Philadelphia during the day, he can be found on FurryMUCK and WikiFur during the evenings. His home on the web is at www.claws-and-paws.com.

Nemet (Patrick Casey)
Dealers' Room
You belong to us.You will be like us.

Jonathan Normand (Kellic J. Tiger)
Operations
I discovered the world of furry in early 2000 purely by accident when a friend pointed me to an online story who's site linked to all kinds of fur sites. Suffice it to say I was hooked. 2006 will be my fifth Anthrocon. 2002 was such an unmitigated blast for me that I felt that I needed to repay the people of Anthrocon in some way, which translated into volunteering in 2003. God help me I actually enjoyed it, and it has sort of snowballed from there. What have I gotten myself into? =^O.o^=

Ronin Otter
Programming
A combination showman and geek, Ronin spends his free time SCUBA diving, volunteering at the New England Aquarium and making a fool out of himself in general. He fixes computers and builds networks for a living (at least for now) and can be easily bribed through the use of Zebra Cakes (TM).


© Wolfie Darkwolfie

1620 - According to legend, one of the primary reasons that the Mayflower landed at Plymouth (apart from navigational errors, contrarian winds, and worsening weather conditions) was the dwindling of their beer supplies. At the time, it was nearly impossible to maintain clean potable water stores on a ship, and dysentery, cholera and other waterborne diseases could effectively decimate a ship. Because of this, passengers and crew were rationed up to a quart of beer a day. When beer supplies ran out, the colonists were forced ashore to find clean water supplies, or to brew more beer.

Panzier
Internet Room
It might be too long, I can't even remember when it all started! What a long strange trip it's been.

Matt Penna (Soba)
Art Show
Matt is a native of Rochester, NY, and manages something or other at an optics company. You can usually find him watching old cartoons, reading comic books, or learning some impossibly difficult foreign language. He loves helping people, provided that they're big tippers.

PeterCat
Board of Directors (Art Show)
Intrigued by the late-80s CBS series "Beauty and the Beast," PeterCat discovered SF conventions and began helping out at art shows. He runs the Furry InfoPage web site <http://www.tigerden.com/infopage/> and, using the

professional name Peter Katt, has started a career as freelance voice talent <http://peterkattvoice.com>.

Phillip "Bennie" Pollard
Board of Directors (Registration)
Admin, Programmer, CTO: http://www.diamondvisuals.com/; Owner, Operator: http://www.crescendo.net/; Board member, Bass Clarinet: http://www.buckscountysymphony.org/; Admin, Fan, Friend: http://www.macrophile.com/; In love, Engaged, In awe: http://www.doemain.com/. And the tig came back, the very next year. Yes, the tig came back and he wouldn't stay away. Meow tiggy. Meow so pretty. Meow such a pity, but the tig came back. Board, Director of Registration, Admin, Media Liason, Past Videographer: http://www.anthrocon.org/.

Becca Price
Security
[No bio submitted.]

Rama
Artists' Alley/Con Store
Returning to help out Duncan in the Artist Alley, Rama has been active in the fandom for nearly 10 years now. This is his 3rd AC that he's been part of the staff on. He currently resides in St Louis, MO with his partner KBear.

Renegade D.I.
Security
I've been active in S.F. fandom since 1975. I was inducted in the Dorsai in 1977 with my wife Carol, and haven't looked back since. A recent move to New Orleans and new job requirements forced me to step down from the presidency to the position of Contract Officer for the organization. Anthrocon is now my favorite convention.

Rhonin, DI
Security
Dorsai Irregular and a resident of Phoenix (yes, it is a dry heat but when it's 110 it's just plain hot), I seem to have this habit of attending cons east of the Mississippi - about 80% of them over the last 8 years.

Harley 'EagleBeagle' Rifkin
Programming
He's back again! EB will be providing assitance to programming once again this year. Feel free to say hello if he passes you in the halls.

Dave Roach (Consort of Evil, DI)
Security
Polymath, computer engineer, and incorrigible punster. Do not incorrige.

Rob
Dealers' Room
Boyfriend of "The Hotness."

Justin Robichaud (CajunFox)
Dealers' Room
This playful, mostly harmless, Hawaiian-shirt wearing Fox has been wading through the fandom since 2001 and has been attending AC since 2002. You can always catch him somewhere on the dance floor with glowsticks in hand, music being a very large part of this Foxy DJ's life. Though he may still seem new to the fandom compared to many staff and con-goers, it makes him no less part of the community, having admitted he's been furry long before knowing there was a word for it.

Glen Rockhill (aka Swift Fox)
Operations
Joining the Anthrocon staff in Con Ops, Swift Fox has been an active member of the fandom for nearly a decade. He has volunteered his time to Anthrocon and various other cons over the years and has been instrumental in promoting fellowship among Furry Fans in the Pittsburgh, PA region. An avid fursuiter, Swift mascots for his local volunteer fire department to help promote fire safety and awareness, when he's not fighting fires himself.

Steven "Tora" Sears
Charity Auction, Masquerade
[No bio submitted.]

Sgt. Steve, DI
Security
Sgt. Steve stole his bio from Scott 'boota' Carpenter, just because he could. Here it is: Steve lives in Dexter, MI. He can usually be found sitting in a dark room with a gun and a bottle of scotch. To relax, he puts away the gun.

Shadow Dragon
Security
[No bio submitted.]

Sirius
Dealers' Room
Unsure what to put/in a con bio because/I've never done one.

Smrgol
Art Show
Smrgol found "furry" about eight years ago, and jumped in with both hooves. While the Kirin doesn't consider himself an artist, his work graced Suburban Jungle as filler strips on two occasions. Usually he can be found online in alt.lifestyle.furry or occasionally in IRC chats.

Jen Solimando (Fenris)
Hospitality
This is my sixth Anthrocon, second one as staff. I made the jump from volunteer to staff last year with my husband Masamune. Because I love cooking and feeding people, it was a natural fit to work in the SuperSponser lounge. And sharing a birthday with Ironchef Morimoto doesn't hurt either.

Anthony Solimando (Masamune)
Hospitality
[No bio submitted.]

Stahi
Hospitality
I'll be back in the high life again! I'm in this thing again, huh? Well alrighty. 25 year old panther who tends to be real intimidating at first (which is kinda bad for being one of the supersponsor lounge people) but once ya get to know me I'll have ya ROTFL. w00t w00t.

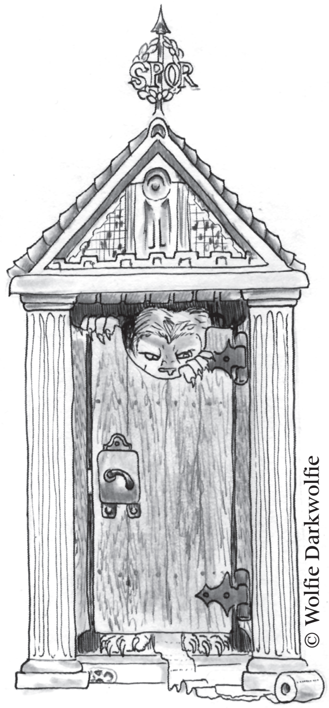
David M Stein, DI - "Skippy"
Security
Attended my first convention in 1972. Started working conventions in 1979, and have held every convention position except "ConSuite." Married to artist Diana Harlan Stein and father of the ever cute Sabrina. "Don't Try to Outweird Me, I Get Weirder Things Than You Free in Breakfast Cereal."

Mach "Patrick" Stormrunner
Operations
He's fast, he's hyper, and maybe a bit cracked. Mach is a writer, a woodworker, a bit of this, a bit of that, mix it all up and you have a speedy spotty hyper cat. Seriously, he's in con-ops and if you need help, he'll do his best.

Jesse "Tango" Stringer
Charity Auction, Masquerade, Operations
If you thought Tango was a bit insane in previous years by working the Masquerade and Operations, just wait until you see how he celebrates his fifth year on staff! Watch for Rumba Neonhusky when the mutt is off duty if you'd like to say hi.

Josh Strom
Gaming, Programming
Jaded: (Adv) 1 a: worn out by overwork or abuse b: tired or dulled through repetition or excess. Fox: (N) 1: any of various carnivorous mammals (especially genus Vulpes) of the dog family related to but smaller than wolves with shorter legs, more pointed muzzle, large erect ears, and long bushy tail 2: a clever crafty person 3: a good-looking young woman or man. Any questions? Good, I'll be passed out in the corner now.

74 A.D. - To raise public revenue for civic projects, Emperor Vespasian (under whose rule the Colosseum was built) was the first to introduce pay toilets in the city of Rome, and sold the collected urine to cloth sellers, dyers and laundries. When his son and successor Titus protested that the toilets were raising a stink with the poor, Vespasian allegedly held a coin up to his nose and said, "money doesn't stink." It is unknown if there was a separate fee for toilet tissue. Today, Romans still refer to public toilets as vespasiano.



© Wolfie Darkwolfie

Takaza J. Wolf
Operations
Have you ever had someone ask you, "What you would do for a chocolaty Tim Tam biscuit?" If you were to ask Takaza, he would mention that he would help out at furry conventions, hence why he is working for Anthrocon again this year. If you aren't too careful, this Border Collie may ask you that very question. When not trying to be silly or herding furries, Takaza fiddles with numbers for a global conglomerate.

Gen.Talon
Dance/AV
Your handy dandy stage ninja. The veteran otter from Michigan who pretty much lived in the state his whole life. Mostly found sticking his nose in circuit boards and running cables along the ground.

T'Chall
Operations
T'Chall's an anthro fox. He's been known to quaff a vial of shrinking potion now and then.

Tigerwolf
Board of Directors (Internet Room)
Though a 'furry' inside since a kid, the Internet revealed others in 1993. Tigerden was founded in 1994 in part to contribute something back to the fandom. Since then, we've provided Internet room setups for various furry

cons, web and muck hosting, and individual accounts for those lacking other facilities.

Zervon Tora
Hospitality
Zervon started with anime and writing anime fan fiction when cat girls lured him to the furry side of the force. Now your typical anthropomorphic tiger who still loves to write furry romance. Stop in and say hi, and find out what a non-judgmental Christian tiger is like.

Jessie Tracer / Electric Keet
Programming, Publications
BigQiti® Ingredients: Filtered water, high fructose corn syrup, natural and artificial flavors, videogame music (listening, creating), typography, superheroics (City of Heroes), vector art, square-waves, Internet radio (Less Than Three Music), surrealism, hopes, dreams, wonder, Blue 1. Serve chilled with LitlBuni® for an extra-special treat!

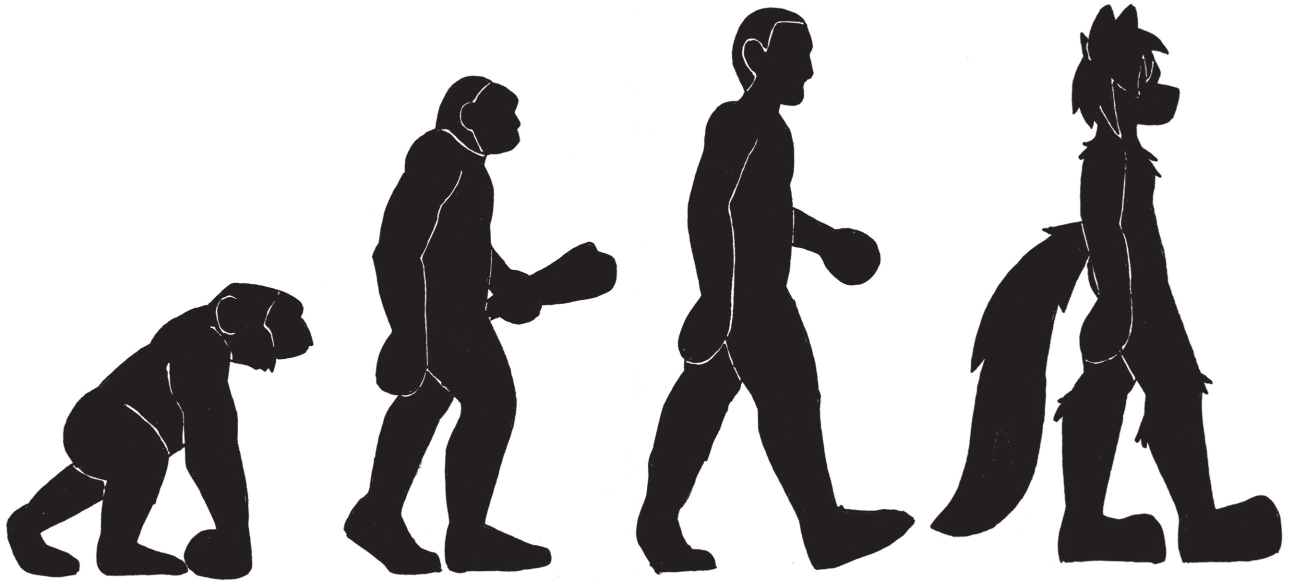
Kristy Tracer
Programming
Kristy Tracer (AC.BUNI) continues to be a solid performer in her sector. While her creative writing division has yet to turn a profit this year, it is being heavily subsidized by her much larger professional group, which saw serious downsizing recently but has in the last year performed a remarkable turnaround, even exceeding its previously expected levels. Her partner company, Jessie Tracer (AC.QITI), continues to serve as both primary customer and support system, leading some to worry about a lack of diversification of clients. This pairing, however, has proven to be synergistic, and the mutual gains both companies have posted since their alliance has left most analysts convinced that this grouping can only benefit from continued mutual association.

TundraWolf
Internet Room
Having arrived on Earth, TundraWolf found himself somewhat confused by the planet. He was rescued by Tigerwolf and Darkclaw and is now taking refuge in the furry community as it's the only part of his life that makes any sense.

Uncle Vlad
Dealers' Room
Vlad remains not very big on biographies.

James J. Walton, DI
Security
[No bio submitted.]

John (Wolf Lynx) Williams
Art Show
A minion for Wal-Mart, John was fascinated by anthropomorphics early in life through history, comics, cartoons, and werewolf lore. He taken up learning to draw and lives in a small village in upstate New York.



© Christina Lanier

Anthrocon 2006 Masquerade Information

Welcome to Anthrocon, the gathering of fans and professionals in the anthropomorphic community to discuss and be entertained by furry stories, events, and other activities. If you keep a close eye out, you might even see a REAL furry wandering around amongst the people!

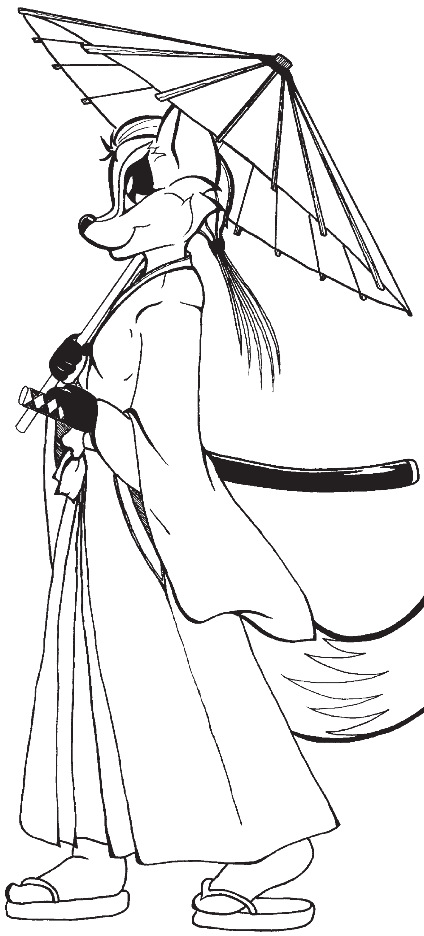
But why search for them when we can bring them to you at the Anthrocon Masquerade! This event is designed to provide an atmosphere where costumers can entertain you with their design and performance skills, giving you an evening of wonder before the all-popular Saturday night dance.

The Masquerade will be held in the Ballroom on Saturday evening. For all costumers, there is a mandatory rehearsal for the show in the Ballroom on Saturday morning. Please consult your schedule/program for exact times.

There will be a Fursuit Lounge available during the convention (please consult your convention map) where costumers may escape from the crowds to rest and recuperate in a private area. This room will be available throughout the convention and during the dances.

If you would like to participate in the Masquerade, please either contact the Masquerade Director, Brian Harris, before the rehearsal or show up at the rehearsal on Saturday morning. If you have any other questions, please contact Mr. Harris as well.

© Neil Weber

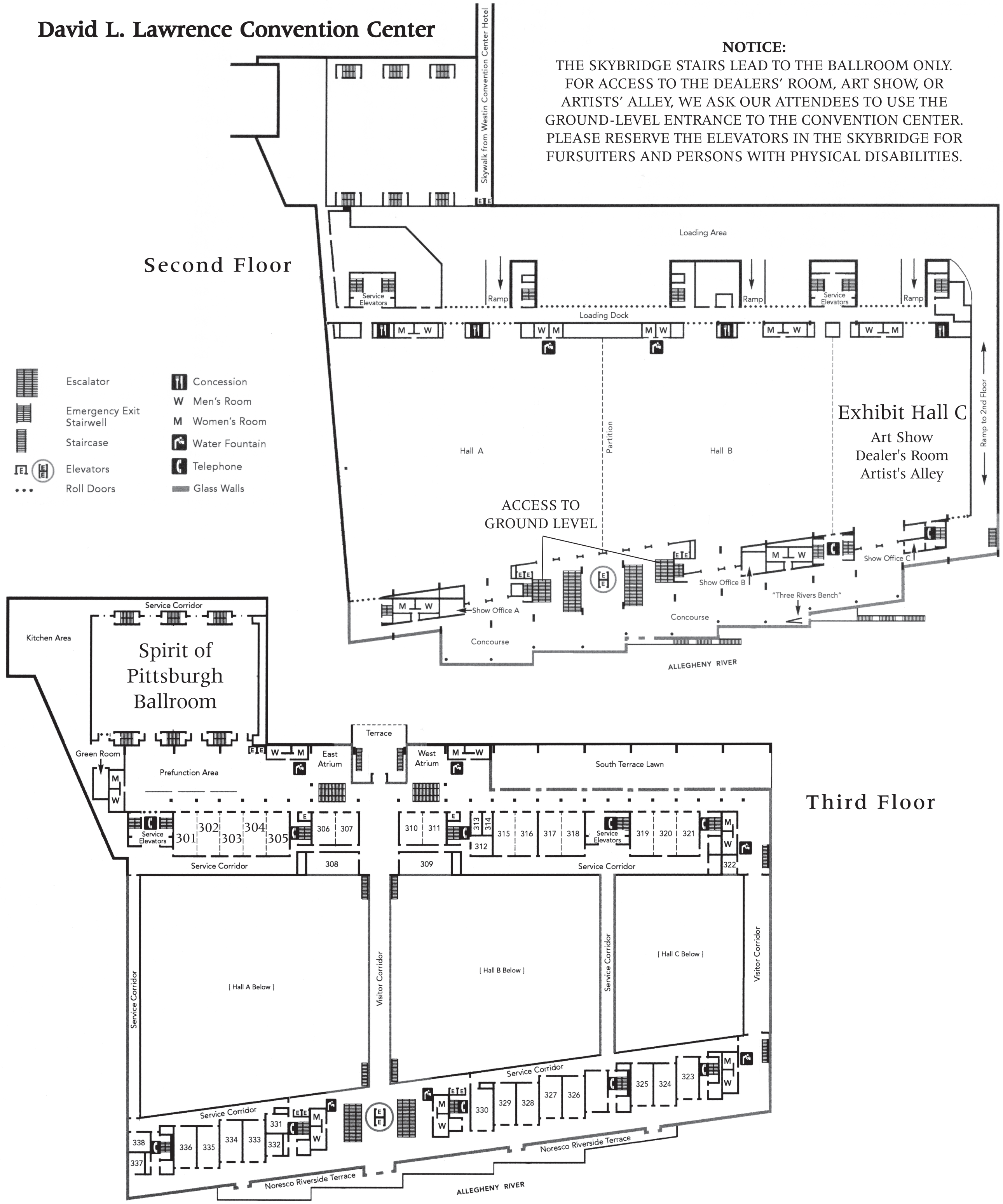


© Micheil T. Murray

Event Floorplans and General Schedule

David L. Lawrence Convention Center

NOTICE:
THE SKYBRIDGE STAIRS LEAD TO THE BALLROOM ONLY. FOR ACCESS TO THE DEALERS' ROOM, ART SHOW, OR ARTISTS' ALLEY, WE ASK OUR ATTENDEES TO USE THE GROUND-LEVEL ENTRANCE TO THE CONVENTION CENTER. PLEASE RESERVE THE ELEVATORS IN THE SKYBRIDGE FOR FURSUITERS AND PERSONS WITH PHYSICAL DISABILITIES.

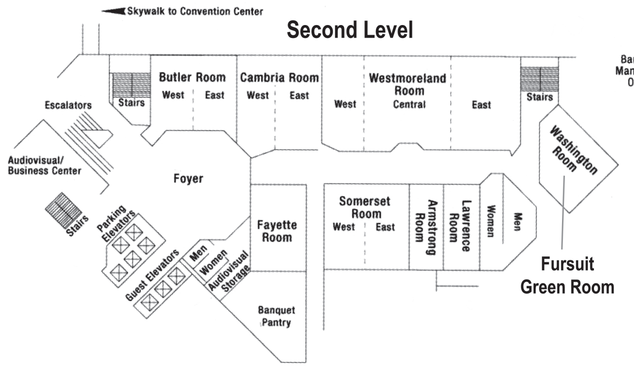

Skywalk from Westin Convention Center Hotel
Second Floor
Loading Area
Service Elevators
Ramp
Loading Dock
Escalator
Emergency Exit Stairwell
Staircase
Elevators
Roll Doors
Concession
W Men's Room
M Women's Room
Water Fountain
Telephone
Glass Walls
Hall A
Partition
Hall B
Exhibit Hall C
Art Show
Dealer's Room
Artist's Alley
Ramp to 2nd Floor
ACCESS TO GROUND LEVEL
Show Office A
Show Office B
Show Office C
"Three Rivers Bench"
Concourse
ALLEGHENY RIVER
Service Corridor
Kitchen Area
Spirit of Pittsburgh Ballroom
Green Room
Prefunction Area
Terrace
East Atrium
West Atrium
South Terrace Lawn
Third Floor
301
302
303
304
305
306
307
308
309
310
311
312
313
314
315
316
317
318
319
320
321
322
[Hall A Below]
Visitor Corridor
[Hall B Below]
[Hall C Below]
323
324
325
326
327
328
329
330
331
332
333
334
335
336
337
338
Noresco Riverside Terrace

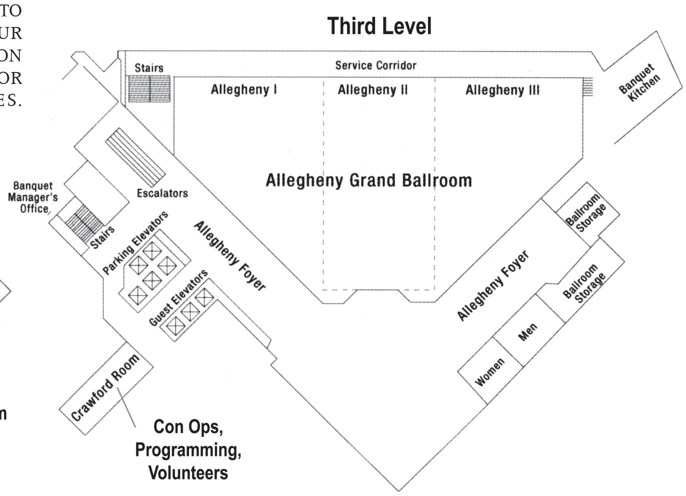
Opening Ceremonies: Friday 11 AM, Spirit of Pittsburgh Ballroom
Closing Ceremonies: Sunday 5:30 PM, same place

Westin Convention Center Hotel

NOTICE:

THE SKYBRIDGE STAIRS LEAD TO THE BALLROOM ONLY. FOR ACCESS TO THE DEALERS' ROOM, ART SHOW, OR ARTISTS' ALLEY, WE ASK OUR ATTENDEES TO USE THE GROUND-LEVEL ENTRANCE TO THE CONVENTION CENTER. PLEASE RESERVE THE ELEVATORS IN THE SKYBRIDGE FOR FURSUITERS AND PERSONS WITH PHYSICAL DISABILITIES.


Skywalk to Convention Center
Second Level
Butler Room
West
East
Cambria Room
West
East
Westmoreland Room
West
Central
East
Stairs
Stairs
Escalators
Audiovisual/ Business Center
Foyer
Stairs
Parking Elevators
Guest Elevators
Men
Women
Audiovisual Storage
Fayette Room
Banquet Pantry
Somerset Room
West
East
Armstrong Room
Lawrence Room
Women
Men
Washington Room
Fursuit Green Room


Third Level
Stairs
Service Corridor
Allegheny I
Allegheny II
Allegheny III
Banquet Kitchen
Banquet Manager's Office
Escalators
Allegheny Grand Ballroom
Stairs
Parking Elevators
Allegheny Foyer
Guest Elevators
Ballroom Storage
Allegheny Foyer
Ballroom Storage
Men
Women
Crawford Room
Con Ops, Programming, Volunteers

Art Show Schedule

Friday, June 16:
2-7 PM Art Show open to bidders
9-11 PM Artists & Dealers Reception

Saturday, June 17:
10 AM-7 PM Art Show open to bidders
7 PM Mature Gallery written bidding ends
11 PM Mature Gallery voice auction begins

Sunday, June 18:
10 AM-Noon General Gallery open to bidders
Noon General Gallery written bidding ends
1 PM General Gallery voice auction begins
1:30-6 PM Sales, artist check-out

Dealers' Room

Thursday: 3-9 setup only
Friday: 10-12 setup only, 12-5 open to public
Saturday: 10-5 open to public
Sunday 10-4 open to public, 4-6 teardown

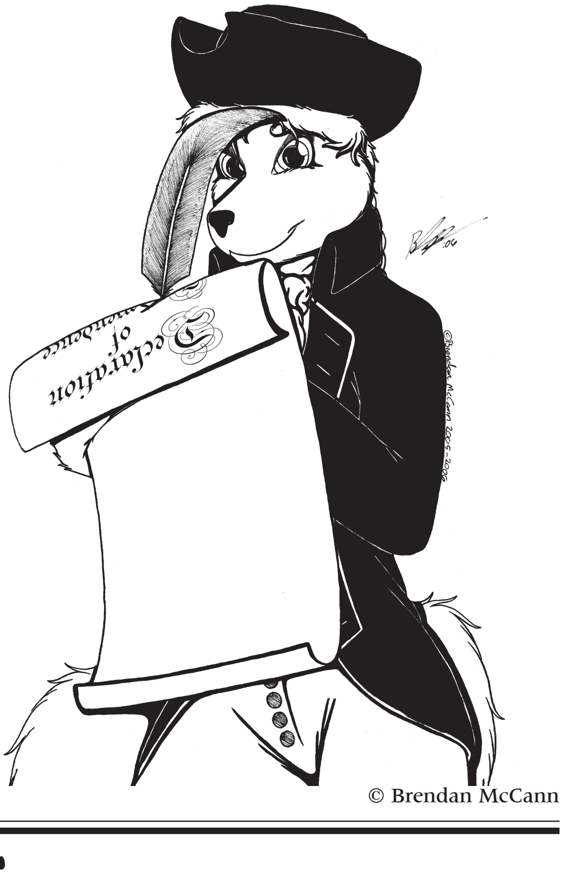
Artists' Alley:

Friday: 12-5; 5-6 Artist check-out
Saturday: 10-5; 5-6 Artist check-out
Sunday: 10-4; 4-5 Artist check-out

This is a tentative schedule, subject to change. Please consult your Pocket Program for more information.

WHAT SHOULDA BEEN...!
1 GREAT MOMENTS IN FANDOM HISTORY!
"SOAP!?"
PFF! THAT STUPIDEST THING THOG EVER HEAR!

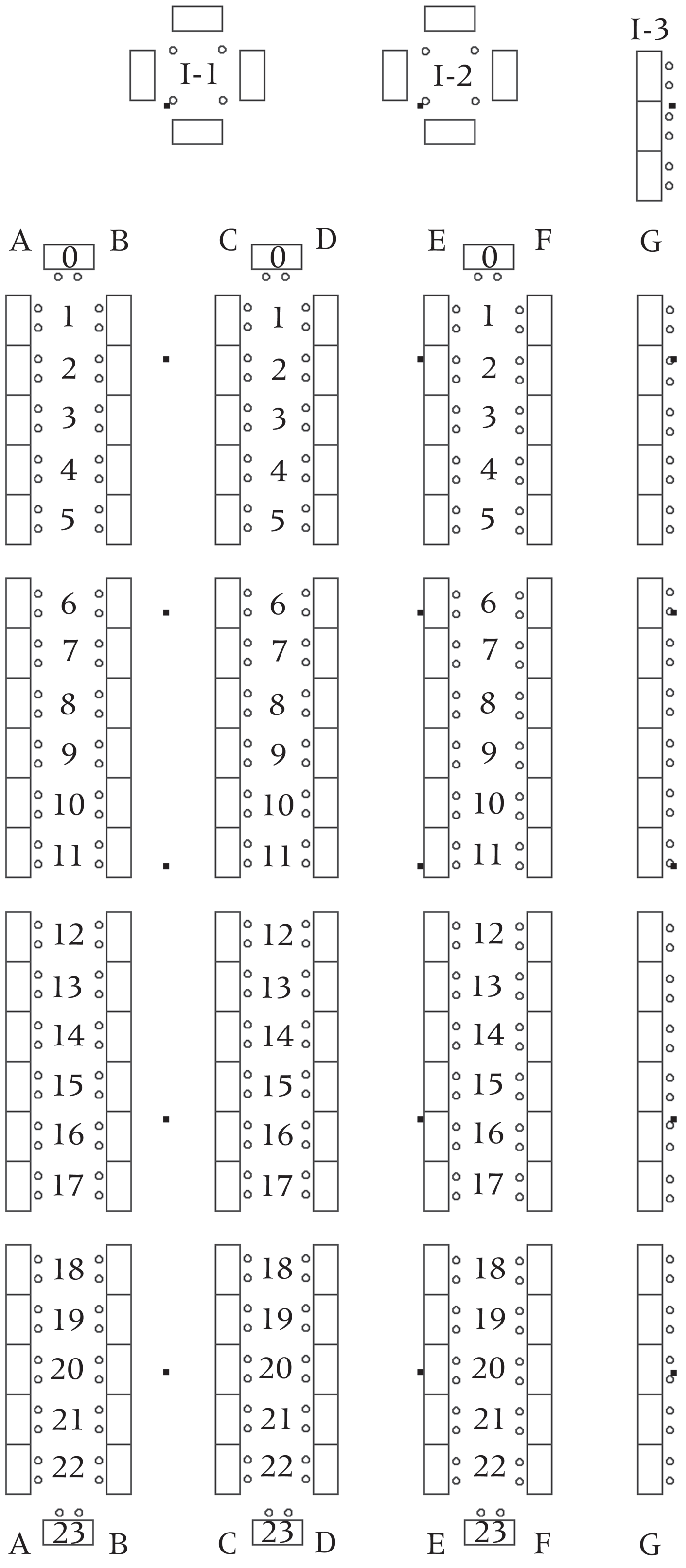
© Susan Rankin


Declaration of Independence

© Brendan McCann

Dealer's Room Layout

These are the dealers registered as of press time and are subject to change.



DEALERSHIP	TABLE(S)
#Vagrant	G14, G15
2 The Ranting Gryphon	D12B
Alphafox Illustration	F17
Art By Susan Van Camp	C21, C22
Art By Ursula Vernon	C19
Artmouse	E04A
Aura D. Moser	E04B
Axer Industries	E11A
Bad Mojo Ink	F10
Biohazard Graphics	C14
Black Jaguar Arts	A00B
Blue & White Studios	A14B
Bonksart	E12
BushyCat	G18, G19
Caribou Ink	G07
Chen, Daremo-Long	F12A
Cherryoshi Koi (art by Kit)	A13B
Club Stripes	A03, A04
Cottontail Studios	F01
D. Bruin's Art And Prints	A15B
Dark Natasha	G10
David Hopkins	D06
Diana Harlan Stein	G12
DreamKeepers	D07
Earth Wisdom	C06, C07
Emocean	F20B
Eric Schwartz Productions	F11
Eye-Level Entertainment, LLP	C05
Fang, Claw & Steel	D13
Fantasy Illustrations By Little Paw	G05
Fate Laughing Illustration	G20, G21
Featherdust Studios	D18
FEL	F16A
Felitaur Enterprises	A20
Fennec – Yip!	E05
Foxworks	A12
FoxxFire	F16B
Frank Gembeck	G08
Furnation Multimedia	I03
Further Confusion	A19
Gideon's Corral	E17
Goldenwolf Art	D09
Graphxpress	E01, E02
Gunmouth Graphics	E11B
GUYVER47	E06
Happy Flying Horse Head Studios	A11
Heather Brouton	G09
Hedgefox Productions	C11
HollyAnn	C09
Honeck Sculpture	A06, A07
Jen "Spunky" Seng	D16B

DEALERSHIP	TABLE(S)
John “Roxikat” Barrett	D12A
Kacey Miyagami	B04
Kaput Otter	D08
Kawaii Gifts	B16, B17
Kenket/Coyote Tangent	E22
Kitsumi	B13
Krahnos	G13
Kubo’s Kreations	A10B
Lady Foxglove	F18B
LHR Works	F18A
Light Bright Studios	G06
Lizardbeth	D16A
Longtail & Triggs	E07
Loopy	D15
Louie Furrywolfy	A16
LyteWings	C10
M&T Comics and Cards	D01, D02
Mab’s Land	B14
Marc Leonhardt	E20, E21
Mice Comics – Mary Minch	A00A
Minotaur Comics	C13
Mirroreyes and WingedSiamese	G17
MLA Productions – Erika Leigh R.	F03
Moonstalker	A18
Mostly Independents	C02 - C04
NightWing Galleries	D05
NorthFur FX & Mascots	A21
NW Furry Trading Co. LTD	C20
P_Moss Fox	B20
Pawstar	E13
Positive Elegeance Studios	C01
Puma Paw Graphics	E16
Pun & Oink © Graphics	B10A
Rabbit Valley Comics	I02
Regal Pewter	E08 - E10
Rivercoon Arts	C17
Rog Minotaur	D19
Roz Gibson	A17
Scott Shaw!	C23
Shanda Fantasy Arts	A01, A02
Shawntae Howard	B21
Silver Sky Studio	F02
SilverFox Publications	D03, D04
SilverOrb Studios (Art by kiohl)	A13A
Sleeping Dragon South	A22
Soap Puppy Productions	D20
Sofawolf Press	C18
Soro’s Art	A15A
Sparkstealer Productions	C12
Stan Sakai	D22
Stellor Warriors	B01, B02
Steven Martin	F06, F07
Studio Cute by Ponygirl	A05
Studio Maki Productions	E18, E19
Susan Deer’s Doemain	F15

DEALERSHIP	TABLE(S)
Synnabar Graphics	C15
Tailchaser Sushi	F19
Tentacle Friendly	B05
Tenth Planet Art	E15
The Chakat’s Den	B03
The Dragon’s Lair	G01 - G04
The Furry Store	E03
The Gneech/Merchandise Maven	F13, F14
Tiger Torre Art	G22
Tiki Man Graphics	A10A
Timothy Albee Animation	A08
TJA Productions	F08, F09
Twlight316 Studios	G16
Two Rodents Printing Group	I01
Umgott Studios – OMGWTF!	B10B
United Publications	C00
Vince Suzukawa	F12B
W. PA Nat’l Wild Animal Orphanage	A23
Wasteland Studios	A14A
White Wolf Creations	C16
Windwolf Studio	D10, D11
Wolf Park	D21
Wolfie’s Pack Productions	E14
Wookiee	D14
XianJaguar	G11
Zdenek Books	F04, F05

ANTHROCHAT
UNMODERATED. UNCENSORED. FREEDOM.

WWW.ANTHROCHAT.NET
IRC.ANTHROCHAT.NET

Coming this fall!

Western PA Furry Weekend

October 6-8, 2006

For more information visit
www.wpafw.org

Join us for our 7th year of fun and fellowship in the Allegheny Valley

---

Midwest FurFest invites you to...

Midwest FurFest County Fair

November 17-19 2006

Hyatt Regency Woodfield
Schaumburg, IL

With Special Guests

Heather "Kyoht" Luterman
Artist and Illustrator

Whitey Fawkes
Costume Creator, Arend Studios

Jen Seng
Artist and Cartoonist

Midwest Furfest is back for a seventh year of fun and frivolity! Come visit us at www.furfest.org for details.

The Maryland Regional Science Fiction Convention

Balticon℠ 41

Guests of Honor:

Larry Niven & Jerry Pournelle

Artist Guest of Honor:

Joe Bergeron

Filk Guest of Honor:

TBA

Joe Bergeron ©2002

May 25-28, 2007 Baltimore, Maryland

WWW.BALTICON.ORG balticoninfo@balticon.org

MEGAPLEX 6
MARCH 2-4
JACKSONVILLE
FLORIDA
PPMP.INFO

Come play along with us!

Some Closing Thoughts

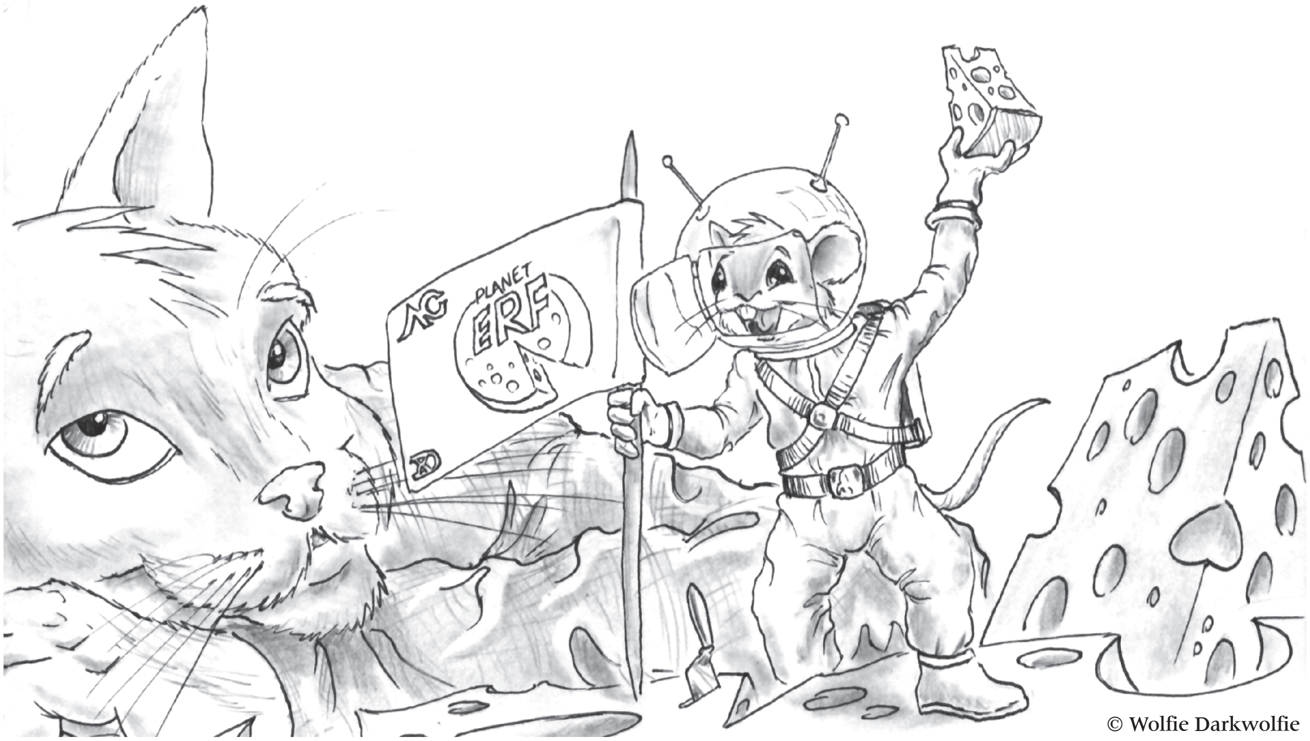
Well, we've made it to Pittsburgh! Who could have imagined in the early days of Albany Anthrocon that we'd grow so large as to need a convention center? This is definitely an exciting time for us. Whether this was your first Anthrocon or your tenth, we hope you've had an enjoyable and memorable weekend.

I want to thank the artists and writers who sent artwork and stories for the conbook. Every year I have been impressed by the creative submissions we receive. Sometimes it is difficult to include them all. We sincerely appreciate everyone who contributed material for publication, especially considering the earlier deadline this year.

I'd also like to thank my dedicated staff for their efforts this year in helping get the conbook published: Our editors **Digit** and **Martha Linbo-Terhaar**, who helped review and edit our text submissions; artist **Wolfie Darkwolfie** who once again has provided us with excellent themed artwork; graphic designer **Jessie Tracer** who put together the local dining guide and pocket program; and artist **Jason Holmgren** who colored the conbook cover.

As always, we strive for continuous improvement and want to know what you liked or what you didn't. We value your feedback! If there are any suggestions you have, please let us know on Anthrocon's web site at http://www.anthrocon.org.

Karl Jorgensen
Publications Director



© Wolfie Darkwolfie

FURTHER CONFUSION 2007

FUR YOUR EYES ONLY

ON JANUARY 18TH, THE GAME OF CAT AND MOUSE BEGINS.

All the Best in Anthropomorphics

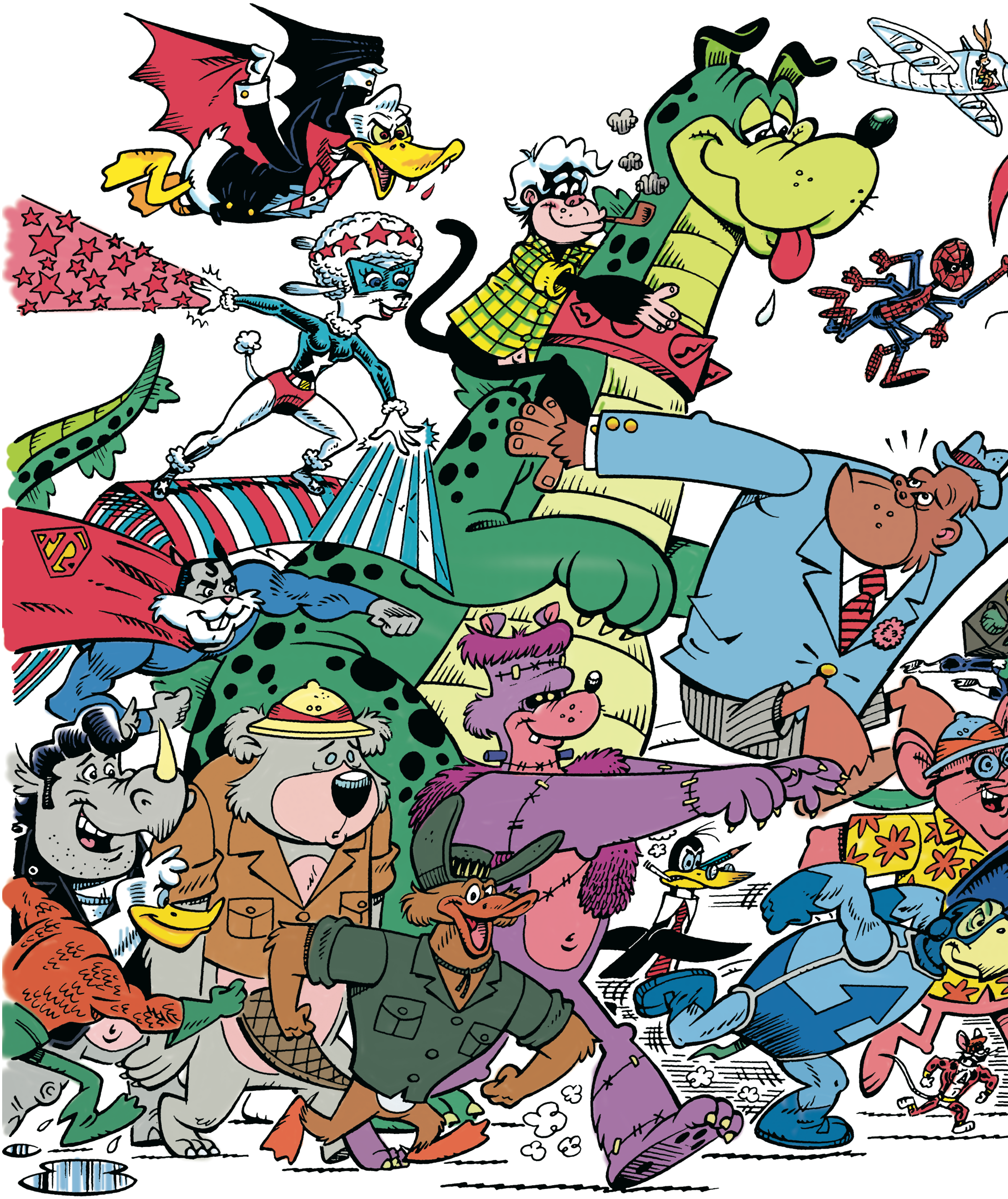
Come celebrate the world of espionage with us in '007. Tuxedo clad spies, evil-genuises, femme fatales, mad scientists, super-weapons, and henchman abound as Further Confusion delves into a world of anthropomorphic Spies, Spooks, and Double Agents. With special themed events and panels, FC2007 will be a world where nothing is as it seems on first glance and surprise lurks around each corner. Further Confusion is one of the largest international conventions celebrating anthropomorphics in all its guises.

Filk • Gaming • Art • Philosophy • Costuming • [illegible] • Video Gaming • Social Dances • Variety Show

Room Rates: $89 Deluxe Room
for up to Four People.
When: Jan 18-22, 2007
Where: San Jose DoubleTree Hotel
Call: +1.408.453.4000
ask for the FUR CON room rate.

Registration Rates (before Sept. 1st)
Entire con (Thursday-Monday): $40
Sponsor Membership: $100 or above
Patron Membership: $200 or above

e-mail: info@furtherconfusion.org
web: www.furtherconfusion.org



ALL CHARACTERS ARE © COPYRIGHT THEIR RESPECTIVE OWNERS (*BUT I DESIGNED 'EM ALL*